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THACKERAY.

It is nearly forty-eight years since Thackeray died; for this is the centenary year of his birth, and he lived only to Shakespeare's age. We set no other Englishman at Shakespeare's side, but of those whom we perforce rank below him there are perhaps not more than a dozen who have as large a share as Thackeray in our affection and admiration. In the matter of personality, he is far more to us than the great Elizabethan; for the latter is a shadowy figure whose character is to us almost wholly inferential—built up in imagination from those traits of tenderness and sympathy which *must* have existed in the creator of Shakespeare's world of men and women. But Thackeray is ours in a far more definite and intimate sense; we know him in his habit as he lived, in the way of familiar intercourse, and in the manifold revelations that we owe to the members of his family and social circle. And thus knowing him we wonder at the richness of his mind and the iridescent quality of its expression, at the warmth of his heart and the degree in which it endeared him to his fellow men. Vainly he sought, by his injunction that he should not be made the subject of a biography, to give finality to his exit from the world of men; posterity has not consented to have it thus, and has clung determinedly to his memory, using every available means to keep it from oblivion, and displaying a possibly over-zealous purpose to preserve every scrap of his writing, every line of his pencil, and every incident of his daily life. Affection is not often accompanied by critical discrimination, but it is at least "a good fault" which has led to this raking up of reminiscence and this ransacking of the literary waste-paper basket.

We have had countless novelists since Thackeray; we have new ones every year, and acclaim the better of them in terms that will be amusing to recall when we shall have got the new-comers into some sort of perspective. We sometimes take such delight in a new trick of style, or a new angle of observation, or an ingenious new form of construction, that we fondly imagine the past surpassed, and from the vantage-point of our more refined modern art aver, as in one noteworthy instance, that Thack-

eray's "confidential attitude" would in a modern novelist be found as insufferable as Richardson's prolixity or Fielding's coarseness. But presently we forget the paragon of literary excellence who has persuaded us to so unguarded an outburst, and discern again in our Thackeray a combination of virtues that makes the best of our new discoveries seem the merest creatures of a day in the comparison. We have only to re-open the long-closed pages, and their spell is again upon us, making us wonder at our own forgetfulness, and at our readiness to mistake pinchbeck, or even an alloy of low grade, for the precious metal. There are faults in Thackeray, no doubt, and things that some later writers have learned to do better than he could do them; but what can these matter in the light of the wealth which he offers us with so lavish a hand? The sun may have spots, but we should be ill-advised to worship in its stead any pale though spotless luminary, without the vivifying warmth that is the gift of the orb of day.

The Victorian period of English literature, especially that earlier part of it of which self-satisfaction and smug respectability were the salient characteristics, has now receded so far into the distant past that we may fully realize its contracted vision and its intellectual limitations. Criticism has dealt with it somewhat severely, and been disposed to emphasize its defects at the expense of its merits. It was a stagnant period, and its deadening influence was felt in all its phases of artistic expression. Yet it was a period that produced many outstanding literary personalities, whose voices could not be altogether smothered, but persistently cried out in the wilderness of commonplace existence and comfortable philistinism. The products of that age which survive do so by virtue of the accent of protest and prophesy rather than of the accent of acquiescence. Thackeray survives splendidly in his style and his deep humanity. "In what other novelist," says Mr. Andrew Lang in his invocation of Thackeray's shade, "since Scott was worn down by the burden of a forlorn endeavor, and died for honor's sake, has the world found so many of the fairest gifts combined? If we may not call you a poet, who that was less than a poet ever saw life with a glance so keen as yours, so steady, and so sane? Your pathos was never cheap, your laughter never forced; your sigh was never the pulpit trick of the preacher." Living in a society based in large measure upon shams and hypocrisies, Thackeray naturally incurred the charge of cynicism merely because he pictured the life about him with incisive truth. It was a foolish charge, and has been refuted a thousand times. Could anyone suppose that it delighted him to see men and women actuated by mean motives, or imagine that his zest in analyzing various forms of baseness was the index of anything but contempt and indignation on his part? But his business as a novelist was to depict life as he found it in his own *milieu;* it was by thus holding the mirror up to his own time that he appeared to the clear-souled Charlotte Brontë as "the first social regenerator of the day," and is revealed in such guise to all who look beneath the surface of his writings, and supplement their knowledge of the books by acquaintance with the man.

Thackeray's account has now been long enough closed, and searchingly enough audited, to enable us to know pretty closely how it stands. As a stylist, he has few equals in our literature. "Nobody in our day wrote with such perfection of style," was Carlyle's verdict; and Lowell spoke of the style as "beyond praise—so easy, so limpid, showing everywhere by unobtrusive allusions how rich he was in modern culture." As a novelist, he was the greatest of his time — and that the flowering time of British fiction — with probably only Fielding and Scott for his peers in the whole range of our literature. As a satirical commentator upon humanity, he was one of the most penetrating spirits that ever lived, but with the temper of Horace and Montaigne rather than with that of Juvenal and Swift. "Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred," he once wrote to a friend. As a man, he was about as finely moulded in character as humankind is ever permitted to be, lovable as Lamb and Stevenson were lovable, and a very few others of the writing kind. And when he went to "God's next world" an American poet, Richard Henry Stoddard, was moved to write for him this epitaph:

"Where grand old Homer sits
In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of the race;
Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his;
Where — little seen but light —
The only Shakespeare is;
There this new spirit came.
They asked him, drawing near,
'Art thou become like us?'
He answered, 'I am here.'"

A STUDY IN PROPORTION.

On a hill a little remote from but still overlooking the town of Stratford in England there is a granite shaft, nearly a hundred feet high, which dominates the neighborhood. The history of its erection is as follows: A young man of Stratford, in the manner of his predecessor Shakespeare, went up to London, but instead of going into poetry devoted himself to the manufacture of that other intoxicant, beer. Accumulating a fortune, he returned to his native town, and, possibly fearing that posterity might not realize his superiority to Shakespeare, built himself this monument.

It seems to me that it is a symbol of what is happening all over the world to-day. Shakespeare is accepted as the standard of human greatness, and people are everywhere putting up memorials to themselves, or to those they admire, to equal or overtop his. In criticism, biography, current talk, there is a continual shriek arising that "I, thou, he or she is as great as Shakespeare." Is there any modern writer of importance who has not been compared with, preferred to, or at least judged only a shade less potent than, the master-poet? Even the votaries of practical life have been drawn into the vortex of Shakespearian comparison. A pedestal for Mr. Rockefeller, of course, — but how in the world does oil come into competition with poetry? It is immensely flattering to Shakespeare that he is selected to keep the list against all comers; but a better sense of values and proportion would discharge him from his perpetual vigil. A champion of the Ring is not expected to meet a new aspirant for the belt until the latter has overcome all other aspirants. Literary criticism has not yet decided who is the greatest writer of the last century. Byron, Hugo, Wordsworth, Balzac, Shelley, Dickens, Tolstoi, and a score or so of others, are in the running. Each of these has his crowd of followers who cry his name to the skies. In the sober judgment of the world, only one modern has drawn himself out of the ruck and got into the class with Shakespeare. And Goethe — as he saw and said himself — has little of the power of his predecessor.

Near things loom large, and new things are usually bright. Criticism is largely a matter of nerves; appreciation depends on subjective feeling. What is novel strikes us with more force than what we have long known. And there is a measure of truth in Victor Hugo's fine saying that all masterpieces are equal. Anyone who has done perfectly a piece of work, however small, which is of constant appeal, is free of the domain of letters. But writers differ in intensity, variety, velocity, mass. There are many elements which must be calculated before we can assign them their respective importance.

Just to lift one corner of the cloud-curtain of that supreme and starry world of Shakespeare which impends over modern literature, I should like to make a little study of the type of female character which he has made peculiarly his own — the brilliant, intellectual, fearless girl, who is really "a pure anticipated cognition" of our most recent feminine ideals. Where did he get his conception? Of course, history is strewn over with women of force and intellect, from Hypatia to Joan of 'Arc; and many others emerged from mythology and poetry — the Greek and Scandinavian goddesses and heroines, the Clorinda of Tasso, the Britomart of Spenser. These are satisfactory enough in action, but it was reserved for Shakespeare to make them speak. Retaining the nobility of character belonging to the scattered historic or mythical women, he gave them the glittering rapier of the tongue, by which they could more than hold their own against their opposites or enemies, the men.

There are many studies of this wise-virgin type in Shakespeare — Beatrice, Portia, Isabella; but his best all-around girl is Rosalind. Fearless, witty, true hearted, and brilliant, she is his most dazzling if not deepest female creation. For centuries she has been the favorite of the English speaking stage. As Hamlet is said to be actor-proof, so Rosalind plays herself. Many actresses have interpreted her supremely well; but, given only the most modest equipment, it would be difficult for any young woman to fail entirely in presenting the part. For one thing, Rosalind dominates her play as completely as Hamlet does his. She is the central fire which lights up all the other pensive and rather shadowy characters. Even in her eclipse at court, the reigning Duke's daughter is only a foil to her, and she goes into exile like a torch carried through the woods. Probably the very best kind of a young woman has a touch of boy in her. Something more of Rosalind than her attire is virile. She seeks adventures like a Paladin; and though she faints when her affections receive a shock, we feel that she would meet real danger with heroism. But of course her supreme gift is that of brilliant speech. It runs through all the gamut of which wit is capable — gayety, mockery, irony, badinage, humor, sarcasm. Yet it is never less than womanly, ladylike. She is the brilliant forerunner of the Bachelor Girl of to-day — the bright exemplar whom most women would like to resemble. Let us see if any subsequent literary creator has made her match.

The intellectual heroine, once invented, had more or less to conquer the world; and accordingly we find Molière much concerned with her. In several of his comedies, he merely satirizes her; but at length he feels her fascination, and begins to realize her, after the French type, in "The Misanthrope." Célimène is a thinner and harder creation than Rosalind. All romance is left out of her. She flies the woods and desert wastes, as Rosalind hies to them. She is of the city and society. Her speech has none of the rich natural joy of Rosalind's. It is calculated — polished to a cutting edge. And in spite of its high breeding — the air of the grand dame which Molière contrives

to stamp upon it — it has something of a hint of the repartee of the fish-market. Yet Célimène has at least the suspicion of a heart. Though she prefers to torment, she might possibly be induced to love. As it is, she is perhaps the most fascinating young woman in French comedy; only, she is not central in her play, as Rosalind is in hers. At most, she is a siren of the surf whose white arms wreathe round or beckon afar to the dark abrupt rock of Alceste.

Congreve's Millamant is Rosalind's nearest rival in literature. She is the artifice of artificiality. She lives and breathes in the atmosphere of Pope's "Rape of the Lock." But in her own sphere she is as rich a creation as her Shakespearian sister. She is more mature. She is all woman. There is certainly no shadow of the doublet and hose in her disposition. She has vapors and languors and ineffable airs. She demands admiration as a right. She lives on a diet of the hearts of men. Like a divinity, she would starve if the smoke of incense were shut off from her. Yet she is utterly without ill-nature, and we feel that at bottom she is as loving as she is lovable. In speech at least, she is fully the equal of Rosalind or Célimène. Perhaps more than is the case with either of these, her words are impregnated with her personality. We hear the tones of her voice in them, see her smile and gesture. English speech has never fallen in more faultless cadences than from her tongue. But after all, though she has nothing in her of the minx that Célimène displays, she is only a poor relation of Rosalind in point of character.

Lady Teazle is the daughter of Célimène — merrier, shallower, more rowdyish. She picks up the rapier of wit and dashes into the great scandal scene with immense animation; but she does not dominate and direct her coterie as Célimène does. And in that most effective of all comedy situations, the screen scene, her sword drops from her hand and she is dumb. She is a slight personage indeed compared with the rich full-blooded girls of Shakespeare or Congreve.

So much for the dramatists in their best embodiments of this type. The novelists, of course, have taken it up; but it may be said at once that their success is in inverse ratio to the mass of their efforts. The twenty thousand words of a play may generally be depended upon to produce a more distinct creation than the one hundred and fifty thousand of a novel. Scott's Di Vernon is perhaps the first satisfactory instance of the type in novel literature. She is a girl of gold. She is as high-spirited and fearless as Rosalind, and is engaged in scenes almost as romantic. She protects the man she loves, and fences with and foils her treacherous cousin. But though Scott allows her to be unconventional in action, he hardly permits her to rise out of conventionality in speech. Indeed, though he could be terse and vivid enough in speeches of passion or eccentric character, his dialogue does not often shine or glow with wit.

Wit there is in plenty in the pages of Jane Austen; but it is a delicate wit, a miniature wit — hardly that nurtured by high natural spirits or polished in the strife of the world. Elizabeth Bennet is the prose Rosalind of an English countryside. She is quite adequate to her occasions and surroundings; perfectly able to take care of herself where nothing is likely to happen to her, and capable of conquering where there are no antagonists worthy of her steel. She is as brilliant as quiet good taste will permit her to be. Tamed Rosalind as she is, we all love her and think Darcy's mansion and park her fitting reward.

George Sand preached the evangel of woman's rights, and illustrated it to the extreme in her own life. It is natural, therefore, that we should look to her for some brilliant exemplar of the woman of intellect. It is pretty hard to find one in her works. The Indianas and Consuelos revolt, but they revenge themselves on man by physical rather than intellectual means. Edmée in "Mauprat" is perhaps her most brilliant heroine. She fights the duel of sex with sweetness, constancy, and valor. But George Sand's languorous and multitudinous prose is hardly calculated to receive the stamp of wit-coinage. We may dismiss even Edmée as only an acolyte in the temple of female intellect.

George Meredith was interested all his life in the question of woman's intellectual equality with man. He believed in it and fought for it; and when he made his greatest effort to exemplify it he seems to have persuaded himself that he had won his cause and achieved a masterpiece. And, verily, by his enthusiasm he almost persuades his readers also. Before Diana of the Crossways he prostrates himself with Eastern obeisance. He serves her as a lover and a slave. He thinks no evil of her himself, nor will he permit anyone else to do so. Probably no author ever exhibited his adoration of a character to such an extent. Yet when the reader can free himself from Meredith's special pleading, things do not seem to be as he states them. Diana does about everything that she ought not to do. Endowed with a small property and many friends, she yet permits herself to contract a loveless marriage with the first well-to-do man who offers himself. From him she runs away, and only is saved from scandal — rather mysteriously — by the intervention of a former lover. Then she becomes a Blue-stocking, writes "brilliant" novels, and sets up a rather emancipated *salon* in London. She flirts with an aged prime minister, and falls in love with his rising nephew; and she betrays him with inexplicable Judas treachery for a sum of money. Perhaps this is all right — perhaps a woman is permitted to do these things; but what we are most concerned with is Diana's succession to the throne of wit and intellect founded by Rosalind. Meredith assures us that this is so. He has even less patience with readers who doubt her wit than with those who hesitate at her character. Now while there may

be no question at all that the novelist himself had a great inheritance of wit, he seems absolutely unable to estate his cherished heroine with any of it. As long as he keeps on describing her, lighting her up with his own verbal torches, we fancy that she does really dim the glories of Célimène or Millamant. But the moment she opens her mouth she is betrayed. Compared with them, she can hardly say "Bo" to a goose. It is certainly singular, that back in the dark ages when women's intellectual equality with man was hardly suspected, Shakespeare should have projected the most brilliant female figure in fiction; while recently, in the very van of the feminist movement, and in the tendance of an intense believer in that creed, the clear bright flame of the Rosalind type should sputter out in the dismal failure of Diana. CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A CORONATION WITHOUT A CORONATION-ODE strikes one, if one happens to think of it, as wanting in completeness. What is a poet laureate for, if not to tune his lyre on such occasions? Mr. Alfred Austin, in his just-published Autobiography, says in reference to Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee: "Though, as I have already pointed out, it is recognized that no obligation is imposed on the Poet Laureate to write on any event or occasion, I could not help feeling that for such a celebration a Poem by him would be looked for. The whole nation was in a state of pleasurable enthusiasm, and therefore in the best and most amiable of moods." Accordingly, as many will remember, a set of verses was produced which enjoyed a considerable newspaper publicity. One of our leading journals remarks that on this later occasion "the King appears to have forgotten to order the odist to ode," — whereas it was the royal odist's part to take the initiative if he felt moved to raise a pæan of joy. But the coronation was not uncelebrated in verse. An unlaureate Austin, surnamed Dobson, seems to have stepped in at the last moment to supply the omission in a poem which suggests rather pointedly a comparison between the products of the unofficial and official bard.

> "Not with high-vaulting phrase, or rush
> Of weak-winged epithets that tire
> With their own weight, or formal gush,
> We greet Thee, Sire!"

And another Alfred — Mr. Alfred Noyes — helps us to bear the loss of the "formal gush" of an official ode, by contributing a poem whose closing lines will meet a hearty response on this side of the "three thousand miles of sea" which separate England and the United States:

> "They sundered. But how mightily they meet.
> Hark! O'er three thousand miles of sea they greet
> The first gleam of the nobler years to be.
> They stand together in the morning light,
> Hero, in the vanguard of humanity,
> Shaking the heart of Chaos and Old Night
> With one harmonious Word — Peace and Good-will."

CORONATION HONORS TO ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS were but meagrely bestowed, perhaps because the list of other classes of prospective recipients had attained so formidable a length before the poor scribblers were reached. But Mr. Sidney Lee, of "National Biography" fame and a contributor to our knowledge of Shakespeare, was knighted; he well deserved the distinction, as did also, for equally good reasons, Professor Walter Raleigh, who is now Sir Walter Raleigh, which has a fine as well as a familiar sound. Why, however, should these honors to writers have been restricted to scholars? Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has certainly deserved well of his country, still lives, untitled though not unhonored; and the name of H. G. Wells will occur to many as among the more gifted writers of his time. Is Mr. Kipling also to live out his life as a commoner? While honors are going, these and other names of "creative" authors naturally occur to one. But let us hope these men of genius regard with a becoming indifference "rank, title, and all the solemn plausibilities of the world."

* * *

AN EXHIBITION OF THACKERAYANA, in commemoration of the hundredth recurrence of the great novelist's birthday, is now the leading attraction at the Boston Public Library. In the Fine Arts Room have been placed on view not only the library's treasures in rare Thackeray editions and other objects of interest to Thackeray-readers, but also a number of valuable loans from outside. Were it not now the vacation season, or had the forming of the collection begun earlier, the exhibition would doubtless have attained larger proportions. As it is, one notes the first edition of Thackeray's first book "The Paris Sketch Book, by Mr. Titmarsh," also "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" in the Werner fac-simile reprint of the original pamphlet; and, loaned by Mr. Francis Bullard, "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians," all in the original paper-covered monthly numbers, and collectively worth a small fortune. Some of the rarer American editions of Thackeray's writings are also exhibited, and several interesting portraits, including reproductions of his own inimitable drawings of himself. A mutilated Thackeray letter from the Kate Field collection is to be seen, and two copies of the very scarce programme of the Thackeray tableaux given at the Boston Music Hall twenty-five years ago by the Beneficent Society, and participated in by many prominent persons of the city. The exhibition will continue through July.

* * *

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNUSED BOOK, of the book that cumbers the library shelves and is never read, has been made the object of careful study at the Grand Rapids Public Library. Mr. Ranck, the librarian, describes in his current Report the careful examination of circulation records that was made in the circulation department of the library, whereby it was revealed that, out of eighty thousand vol-

umes, six hundred and fourteen had never budged from their places, or rather had never been drawn for home use, while there was a total of more than thirteen thousand that had remained inactive for periods of time varying from two years to forty. Then, to prove how many of these sluggards were hopeless cases, a plan was adopted by which they should be brought out in platoons and marshalled before the borrowing public in open cases, awaiting the call to service. Of the first detachment, two hundred and five in number, twenty-eight aroused themselves from their dormant condition within a month. "Gradually the Library expects," says Mr. Ranck, "to place before the public nearly all or all of these books which, as far as the circulating work of the Library is concerned, have been dead. It will be interesting to notice how many can be galvanized into life in this way. Another interesting fact disclosed is the number of books among these that at one time were exceedingly popular." There will remain, after this test has been carried through, the problem of dealing with the hopelessly "dead" books, some system of space-economizing storage being suggested by Mr. Ranck, who of course would not make the discarded volumes quite inaccessible or strike their names from the catalogue. It is interesting, as well as somewhat surprising, to note from his carefully prepared tables of statistics that biography contains more unused volumes than any other class, a fact partly due, thinks Mr. Ranck, to the great number of biographies "written and published from a sense of duty, as pious memorials, rather than for any real literary or historical reason." This whole study of an important question, occupying four pages of an unusually interesting and varied library report, seems to be, in most of its details, pioneer work. It would be useful to have returns from other libraries concerning the same problem.

* * *

THE FISH IN LITERATURE, as also the fish in oral narrative and reminiscence, has played an important part; how important, may be at least partly indicated by calling attention to the size of the collection of books on angling, ichthyology, fish-culture, and kindred topics, owned by the Hon. Daniel B. Fearing of Newport, Rhode Island. So noteworthy is this library that its owner enjoys the distinction of being the only book-collector honored as such with a Harvard degree. There are already more than ten thousand volumes in the collection, fifteen hundred of which were added within the last year, and it is still growing. But when one reads some of its titles, one sees less reason to wonder at the size of the library than to question whether any limits can be set to its possible growth. All sorts of books, — travels, biography, essays, poetry, — are welcomed, provided only they have some allusion to fishing or to fishes. Thomson's "Seasons" and Pope's "Windsor Forest" have a place on Mr. Fearing's shelves, as do also Thoreau's "Walden" and Mr. John Burroughs's "Locusts and Wild Honey." Of course the Bible and Shakespeare and many of the Greek and Latin classics must be there, or will eventually be there, because of their references to the sport favored by the Newport collector. But the magnitude of his undertaking is considerably diminished by the fact that the fish in fiction (that is, in novels) is apparently not included in his quest.

* * *

LEGISLATORS' ENGLISH, as is well known by this time, often leaves much to be desired in point of correctness, but it atones for this deficiency by injecting an unexpected and truly refreshing element of humor into the dryness and dulness of statutory law. For example, a Kentucky enactment forbids "the discharge at random" of any "deadly weapon, whether said weapon be loaded or unloaded." It was in Missouri, however, and not in the Bluegrass State (where such a law might have been expected), that a statute was passed prescribing the ingredients which alone might legally be used in the manufacture of beverages, and interdicting, by omission, the use of water for such purposes. A certain western State, zealous in the development of its natural resources, established a horticultural commission empowered "to employ an etymologist and establish horticultural districts." In providing for a "State Etymologist," it builded better than it knew. The Solons of Arizona are reported to have passed a law at their late session making it a misdemeanor for any person "to pluck an ostrich feather or plume without the consent of the possessor" — an enactment that must have been worded by a member of the Audubon Society, or of the S. P. C. A.

* * *

JUVENILE BOOK-HUNGER, especially as observed among the little Poles and Greeks and Portuguese and other non-Yankee children that throng the branch libraries and reading-rooms in the poorer sections of our large cities, is as eager and insatiable as a growing child's hunger for food. These little fellow-citizens of ours, as noted recently at the North Bennet Street Reading Room in Boston, have a wholesome craving "not only for fairy stories and for all the mass of imaginative material in the general class of 'juvenile literature,' but also for the books which open the world of nature and of art to their minds. 'A book all about moths,' 'a book where I can learn how to call the stars,' 'a book with pictures of the North Pole,' — these are the sorts of requests which pour into the ears of the attendants in the children's room in the North End." A further quotation may be permitted from the Boston Public Library's interesting Fifty-ninth Annual Report. "Among the children whom we call happier than those who fill North Bennet Street there are too many who must be coaxed or driven to taste the joy of reading. But in North Bennet Street, the worn, shabby book is the key to a palace of delight, and the crowded rooms are positively ablaze with the sheer happiness which radiates from the faces of the scores of reading

boys and girls." The pity is that they have not long before this been provided with ampler quarters for their intellectual refreshment. At present the children crowd the rooms to suffocation, and even cluster about the windows outside to see what hope of accommodation there is for them within.

• • •

THE LIBERTY OF A LOOSENED SPIRIT (to use Emily Dickinson's apt phrase) was never better exemplified than in a touching incident reported by a member of the Examining Committee of the Boston Public Library. The scene is laid in the squalid North Street reading-room. "The books were being distributed from the big wooden chest, while the children crowded about as at the unearthing of hid treasure. One little chap on crutches waited impatiently in the background. It seemed as if the last book had been taken out when his thin voice cried, 'Oh, teacher, ain't my Brownie book come?' There was a whole world of bitter disappointment in his tone. Then from the very bottom of the box his Brownie book was brought forth. He snatched it, tucked it under his arm, swung bravely off on his crutches to a corner of a table, seated himself, buttressed his elbows on the table and his head on his hands, and in two minutes had left behind him lameness and poverty and ignorance, and had become one who might well be the envy of a king." And so we leave him, his "bequest of wings" more than making good the loss of the free use of his legs.

"He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days;
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosen'd spirit brings!"

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APROPOS OF THACKERAY, whose name and fame are echoing and re-echoing this summer over a considerable portion of the book-reading world, the centenary commemoration dinner, on June 28, at the Charter-house, with the reception that followed and that was graced with the presence of the novelist's daughter Lady Ritchie, who has also contributed many articles of interest to the Thackeray exhibition opened two days later, deserves at least passing mention, — as does the effort announced as being made to identify the chambers occupied by Pendennis in "Hare-court, in the Temple," for the purpose of marking them with a tablet. Of even greater interest to most of us is the publication in the June "Harper" of that recently discovered Thackeray manuscript entitled "Cockney Travels," which the traveller's gifted daughter has so agreeably annotated, and which is accompanied by a characteristic letter to "dear old Yedward" Fitz Gerald, illustrated with a drawing of "the splendid chamber-maid at Chthlangothlen" and another hasty sketch. Truly this is a rich season for the Thackeray-lovers. Next year the Dickensites will have their turn.

AN ANTI-WAGNERIAN MUSIC CRITIC, whose death coincides with the appearance of the German composer's noteworthy autobiography, and whose devotion to the cause of good music extended over half a century and more, has left by his departure a vacancy in London's music world that will not soon be filled. Joseph Bennett, for many years music critic of the "Daily Telegraph," and latterly known as the dean of his craft in England, died last month at the age of eighty. Trained in his youth in church music, he was for a while organist at Westminster Chapel, and he continued through life to cling to the old traditions, and, at least by his negative attitude, to oppose the musical trend of his times. At one period a warm friend of Sir Arthur Sullivan, he deplored what he considered the latter's waste of unusual gifts in the composition of light operas; and this lack of sympathy finally alienated the two. But the world at large finds cause for rejoicing in the serious Mr. Bennett's failure to turn his friend from "Pinafore" and "Patience" and "The Mikado" to oratorios and cantatas and grand opera.

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A CLASS REUNION EXTRAORDINARY, in which every surviving member was present, though all were octogenarians and had been graduated sixty-two years ago, was held at the late Williams College commencement. But it ought in truthfulness to be added that only two members of this class ('49) still survive, and it will interest readers of THE DIAL to learn that one of these members is Dr. John Bascom, long an honored teacher of the college, for thirteen years (1874–87) president of Wisconsin University, prolific writer on literary, economic, philosophical, and religious topics, and for many years a valued contributor of book-reviews to these pages. Dr. Bascom's home is in Williamstown, where he enjoys the consideration and respect due to a professor emeritus of distinguished services to his alma mater and as a public-spirited citizen of civic usefulness to his community. Nor is his fame by any means restricted to his college and his town.

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THE MULTIPLICATION OF ACADEMIC DEGREES, to the delight of those who are unhappy without a string of initials after their names, has begun with the creation of a new doctorate (which, by the way, was predicted by us a year ago in these columns) by the University of Michigan. The expert attention now given to public health, with post-graduate courses to inculcate its principles, makes natural and fitting the bestowal of a diploma that shall specify the peculiar equipment of those who have mastered the science in its higher branches. Accordingly the degree of Doctor of Public Health has been created by the above-named university, and the first honorary recipients of the title are the heads of the health departments of Chicago and Detroit. If this devising of new degrees is not carried to a ridiculous excess it may well prove a welcome relief to the strain now put on existing academic titles of honor, notably upon the much overworked LL.D.

The New Books.

The Evolution of a Poet Laureate.*

Mr. Alfred Austin approaches the task of writing the autobiography of a poet laureate with all the seriousness befitting so august an undertaking. And indeed his "Autobiography," now published in two handsome volumes of generous proportions, is in one important sense an epoch-making work. For what other poet laureate of England has ever left behind him a full and satisfying history of his gradual development from the grub of literature-nibbling immaturity, through the chrysalis of meditative and silent growth, into the glorious creature of aërial flight and tireless wing? Not one; nor (our still hale and vigorous and youthful though no longer young Mr. Austin will join us in hoping) shall we soon have such another autobiography of a court poet of Britain. The "difficult and dangerous undertaking" which he at the outset confesses such a work to be, though he applies the words to faithful autobiography in general, is not likely to be essayed more than once in several generations.

Mr. Austin was born at Headingley, near Leeds, May 30, 1835, his father being a wool-stapler (the last in a line of apparently prosperous wool-staplers), and his mother a Locke, sister of that Joseph Locke who with Robert Stevenson made the plans and specifications for the first railway in England. "Intellectually clever she was not," writes her son, "but she was supremely intelligent; and her love of music, together with quickness and retentiveness of it, as of old Songs and Ballads, was great." The young Alfred was reared in the faith of his paternal ancestors, the Roman Catholic, and was therefore debarred from the privileges of an Oxford or Cambridge education; but the Jesuit and other sectarian schools he attended were strong in the classics, and it was to these and kindred studies that he felt himself most powerfully drawn. Before he was fourteen he was well-grounded in Latin, French, and Greek, and was an eager reader of everything readable that came within his reach. At eighteen he passed the examination for the bachelor's degree at London University, which at that time was empowered only to examine and confer degrees on the students of the various non-Anglican colleges affiliated with it. Study for the bar followed, and he was called in 1857, but practised his profession only three years, when a modest legacy from his uncle Joseph Locke enabled him to abandon an irksome routine and devote himself to the muses. Italy and poetry and the publication of his first book ("Randolph, a tale of Polish Grief"), and other delightful matters, came crowding close upon one another at about this time, and the reader is made to feel how glorious and joyous a thing it was to the misfit lawyer to be free, with all the world before him and no achievement in literature too exalted to be beyond the range of possibility. Courtship and marriage (to Miss Hester Mulock) came in due course, and thereafter a life of increasing happiness and of growing absorption in the interests and pursuits that most appealed to him. Not without cause does Mr. Austin say of his book, in its opening paragraph: "I observe the prevailing note is one of cheerfulness, due in great measure to the unmerited good fortune that has attended the writer since he had full liberty to make good or ill use of the opportunities presented by life."

Mr. Austin's years in Rome and Florence and elsewhere in Italy fell at a fortunate time. The changes and modernizations that were soon to follow had not then been dreamed of, and the number of congenial fellow-countrymen sojourning in that land of sunshine was large. We find him enjoying the society of Charles Lever and his family, Thomas Adolphus Trollope and Mrs. Trollope, Miss Isa Blagden (whom the reader will remember as the intimate friend of the Brownings), Lady Orford and her two young daughters, Sir George and Lady Otway, and, among foreigners, Pulszki the Hungarian patriot and exile, Bakounin the Russian nihilist, and others. It is a little strange that we find no mention of either Robert or Mrs. Browning in these Italian wanderings, nor any of Walter Savage Landor; but the fact that it was not until the summer of 1860 that the first journey was made probably explains the matter sufficiently.

Among passages of peculiar interest, either as relating to the development of the poet or as containing his reflections on the art of poetry, a few may be selected for quotation here from the two ample volumes whose pages contain so much that will attract the student of Victorian literature. In one of these Mr. Austin pleasantly recalls his days of thraldom as a London law student.

*The Autobiography of Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. 1835—1910. With illustrations. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"On Sundays I not infrequently spent half the day at Wimbledon, rural and unspoilt in those days, with some old friends of my own people, and who extended to me the greatest kindness. But it was the sights and sounds of Nature that gave me then, as since, the chief of my pleasures. To hear, as I walked up from the station to their house, the lark singing its way aloft, to wander and sit among the gorse on the Common, to listen to my accomplished hostess playing the Sonatas of Beethoven, these constituted my real life, and not 'Sugden on Powers,' somebody else on 'Remainders,' or the 'Settlements' and 'Conveyances' submitted to my inspection. Attendance at Lectures in Hall, and eating one's Dinners there, for three years, sufficed in those days, if one had a University Degree, to qualify one for admission to the Bar; and of these facilities I availed myself. Maine was the Lecturer, the most erudite of his class; and, while he discoursed, I read some classical work or other in a living or dead tongue."

No poetry, declares Mr. Austin, is thoroughly appreciated until it is known by heart; and that he knows a good deal of it by heart is apparent to his readers. It must be added, however, that his quotations are in the great majority of instances from his own poems, whole pages of which are frequently given as the readiest means known to the author for depicting his state of mind at a certain time, or for presenting to view the successive stages in the evolution of the poet. Of his early readings, after Scott and Byron, he mentions Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, and Crabbe, and continues:

"I turned to them with almost equal interest, and they acted as a corrective, or complement at least, to Scott and Byron; thus early confirming in me what I then suspected, and have long been assured of, that the best poetry is romantic in feeling and classical in expression. A potent stimulus to this conception of the dignity and character of poetry was imparted by my first acquaintance with the *Iliad;* nor was this confined to school hours or the time assigned to study at St. Edward's. During the ensuing holidays, my sister Winifred had to listen while I stood on the seat of the summer-house at Headingley, and declaimed to her Pope's version of the oratorical or sanguinary sequel to the fugitive frailty of Helen."

A little clearer and better-expressed than the conclusion of the foregoing is this from his first visit to Italy:

"The six months I spent in Rome were almost wholly barren of poetic production; but as I had come to Rome for Rome's own sake, and for the quiet instruction and enjoyment I expected and received from it, I did not at the time trouble myself with that circumstance. I did not then, any more than since, regard poetry as something to be produced by the mere exercise of the will; and during my first sojourn in Rome, the occasions were few that spontaneously gave birth to it."

One of these few occasions — a sleepless night during which the poet lay listening to the plashing of the fountain in the square beneath his window — gave birth to a poem of some length ("Two Visions") which is reproduced — a smoothly-flowing piece of verse with some picturesque passages and apt phrases, but not perhaps quite worth a whole night's sleep.

Mr. Austin's connection with the London "Standard" gives occasion for considerable interesting reminiscence, notably in connection with the Franco-German War, whose progress he reported for the above-named journal, and many of the chief actors with whom he came into contact. Some good near-views of Bismarck, whom the journalist could not but greatly admire, are furnished, as also a picture of Paris in the closing days of the siege, and a more than glimpse of Berlin *en fête* and the triumphal entry of the victorious home-coming troops. But here is something more interesting, about Tennyson:

"When I left, he walked with me as far as the wooden gate that led into the lane I had come by, and, in answer to my expressing the hope that I should be welcome if I came to see him again, he said, but in a half-gruff manner, as though he disliked saying anything agreeable, 'I shall always be glad to see *you*.' But just before this *Au revoir!* he said to me, as we leaned over the gate, 'What a vulgar people the English are! They come here, to watch for me; and when they see me, they exclaim quite loudly, "There's Tennyson."' I repeated this afterwards to Mrs. Stuart Hodgson, whereupon she said that he would have been much more annoyed if they did *not* come. I believe this to be true, and to arise from, if I may use what may seem to some a paradoxical expression, the intricate simplicity of his character. I once heard Hutton and Wilfrid Ward, in talking of him, differ utterly as to his disposition; one maintaining that he was the most self-conscious, and the other that he was the simplest of men. He seemed to me to be both; but he had been made self-conscious by others, whereas his simplicity was congenital with him, and remained part of himself. To me the union of the two added to his attractiveness; and, after that first meeting, I went away liking him exceedingly."

The author further eulogizes his "never-to-be-forgotten predecessor in the Laureateship" as "the greatest Poet of our time, and certainly the most popular," forgetting that in popularity, from the bookseller's point of view, Longfellow exceeded him.

With good taste and commendable restraint, Mr. Austin makes but brief reference to his appointment as poet laureate, though he makes it evident that he was duly conscious of the honor conferred. His book closes with the death of Edward the seventh and the completion of his own seventy-fifth year. It is with good reason that he looks back complacently on those seventy-five years and views with a contented seriousness what he has done to make them full years

and not unmemorable. But the world has a cruel way of refusing to take altogether seriously a man who takes himself too much so; and thus our autobiographer, with his somewhat conspicuous lack of humor, becomes, in a manner the reverse of Falstaff's, the cause of humor in other men. We must not close without commending the excellent workmanship, in typography and illustration, that adds so much to the attractiveness of the two volumes.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE FRANKFORT BOOK FAIR.*

In the reproduction of the "Francofordiense Emporium of Henri Estienne," Mr. James Westfall Thompson and the Caxton Club of Chicago have made a noteworthy contribution to the literature of the book-trade and to the literature of scholarship. The monograph, which is now for the first time presented with the advantage of an English version, of a comprehensive introduction, and of elucidating notes, has long been famous in the literature of the book-trade, and as one of the most distinctive professional productions ever made by a publisher. The author, Henri Estienne the second, is probably entitled to the highest rank among the printer-publishers who were not only manufacturers of books but who contributed authoritative scholarship as well to original writing as to the editorial work of preparing for the press the texts of books accepted as classics. The contribution of Henri Estienne the first (whose work was done between the years 1496 and 1520) to the development of printing was more important than that of his grandson whose publishing undertakings began in 1554 and ended with his death in 1598; but the contributions of the younger Estienne, in scholarly editing, in original literary production, and in work for the development of the book-trade and the furthering of the machinery for the distribution of books, constituted together the most valuable service rendered by any one of the long series of distinguished publishers of France.

As a scholar among the publishers, Henri Estienne the second occupies, as pointed out, a high, if not the highest, position in a series which began with the institution in Venice, in 1494, of the printing press of Aldus Manutius. The undertakings of Aldus were, of course, carried on under very much greater difficulties than those which had to be met by Estienne in Paris a half century later. In the time of Aldus, there was practically no organization of the book-trade; and the facilities for reaching possible customers throughout Europe with correspondence and with books, and of securing from the buyers the remittances for books delivered, were very meagre. When Aldus had taken the risk, with the aid of his friend and editorial associate Musurus, of bringing into print an edition of a Greek text, his labors had only begun. It was then necessary for him to come into correspondence with scholars in distant convents and in the few university centres, and to make clear to these correspondents the purpose and character of the Greek literature that he was attempting to introduce into Europe. If he could persuade the correspondent to send an order for the book, he then had the task of securing its safe transportation, often at a time when inter-state connections were interrupted by war; and, finally, he had to wait for many weary months before an opportunity occurred for a safe sending of the payment due. It is not to be wondered at that, with a passion for the production of scholarly, and particularly of Greek, literature at a time when the demand for such literature had still to be created, Aldus should, after long years of painstaking labor, have died a poor man.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, at the time of the beginning of the work of Henri Estienne the second, a more scholarly public, interested in the purchase of editions of literature known as classical, had been created, and machinery was in existence through which these possible buyers in universities, in ecclesiastical centres, and among the better educated of the nobility, could be reached. The book-trade itself had been organized; and the most important evidence and factor in such organization was the great Book Fair held in Frankfort. Frankfort had from the early part of the thirteenth century been utilized as the headquarters for a semi-annual fair at which were distributed all classes of goods brought together from all parts of the world. The institution at this Fair of a section devoted to the sale of books dates back to 1480. Immediately after the beginning of printing, Frankfort had become an important centre for book production; and during the century preceding 1450, the manuscript trade in Frankfort had been more important than that of any other city in Germany.

Estienne made a practice of being in Frank,

* THE FRANCOFORDIENSE EMPORIUM of Henri Estienne. Edited, with historical introduction, Latin text with English translation, and notes, by James Westfall Thompson. Illustrated. Chicago: The Caxton Club.

fort twice a year with samples of his beautifully printed books and with the announcements of the books that he had in preparation or in plan. It was his custom to utilize the counsel of representatives of the book-trade gathered together from all parts of Europe, for advice as to the wisdom, from a business point of view, of undertakings that he had in plan. With his own keen ambition to further the production and distribution of scholarly literature, it not infrequently happened, as he naïvely reports in his correspondence, that the publication of books which he believed would prove of material service to scholars throughout Europe was advised against by practical bookselling friends on the ground that although they would undoubtedly be welcomed, they would not be wanted by enough people. The problem of Henri Estienne in regard to works of this class differs not at all from that of publishers of to-day. The character of the books that Estienne carried with him to Frankfort may be indicated by a brief selection from his publishing list. The first book issued with his individual imprint (after the death of his father Robert) was an edition of the Odes of Anacreon, printed in 1554. The volume contains, in addition to the Greek text, a Latin version of the Odes, prepared by the publisher himself. During 1555, Estienne was busy in Italy collecting and collating manuscripts. In 1556 he issued an edition of the Psalms in a Latin version. This was the combined work of George Buchanan a Scotchman, M. A. Flaminius an Italian, Solomon Macrinus a Frenchman, and Helius Eobanus a German. The work was completed under the editorial supervision of Estienne himself. In this year, he began work with a group of scholars whom he had brought together for the purpose, on his great "Thesaurus Græcus." In 1557, Estienne produced editions of Æschylus, Aristotle, Theophrastus, and Athenagoras; also the "Lexicon Ciceronianum Græco-Latinum." This last was his own compilation.

In 1558 Henri gave evidence of the importance of his relations with Germany by accepting the appellation of *Typographus illustris viri Huldrici Fuggeri*, etc. Huldric Fugger was a native of Augsburg, born in 1526. He belonged to a family conspicuous for its antiquity, its mercantile ability, and its wealth. He was himself a scholar, and he became an eminent patron of literary men. He expended great sums in the purchase of trustworthy manuscripts of ancient authors and in having produced from these satisfactory printed editions. After some experimenting, Fugger finally selected Estienne as the printer whose work could best be trusted to meet his own high standard of accuracy and beauty. The Fugger family had for several generations carried on business not only as merchants and bankers but as what we should call forwarding agents. As far back as the time of Aldus, Estienne had found the Fuggers the most responsible people through whom to make delivery of books to his correspondents throughout Europe and through whom to secure later collection of the accounts. But the distributing and collecting machinery of even so great a House as Fugger could not be trusted to work smoothly in time of war.

In 1558 Estienne issued the Edicts of Justinian, printed in Greek and Latin; in 1559, the "Bibliotheca" of Diodorus with annotations of his own, and in 1561 the complete writings of Xenophon; in 1563, the Catechism of Calvin translated into Greek by the publisher, and a treatise, original with himself, on the relations between Greek and Latin; in 1564 "Fragmenta Pœtarum Veterum Latinorum." This latter work was undertaken out of regard for the memory of his father, who had begun the collection of the material. In the same year he issued a Greek Anthology, with annotations by the publisher. By way of exciting the emulation of young poets, Henri introduced into his annotations fifty translations of a single distich. In 1566 he issued the histories of Herodotus in a Latin version, and later an "Apologia pro Herodoto." This latter became famous, and was brought into print throughout Europe in a number of editions, the latest one being that of the Hague in 1735. In 1568 he issued "Annotationes in Sophoclem et Euripidem, Henrici Stephani." This book is evidence that such little matters as the battles of St. Denis and Jarnac were not permitted to interfere either with the classical studies or with the printing-office work of the publisher. In 1572 Estienne completed the most important production of his busy life, "Thesaurus Græcæ Linguæ, ab Henrico Stephano constructus," etc., in four volumes, folio, with two supplementary volumes containing an appendix and an index. A year later was issued a seventh volume, with two glossaries and a treatise on the dialects of Attica. This "Thesaurus Græcus" was completed by Henri at about the same age as that at which his father Robert had published his Latin Thesau-

rus. These two works would have been, for any generation of publishers, creditable examples of scholarly and public-spirited enterprise. In 1574 Estienne brought to completion a magnificent impression of the works of Plato, the editorial work on which had been done chiefly by himself. According to Mattaire, hardly a single typographical error is to be found in the three volumes. The first volume is dedicated to Elizabeth of England, the second to James VI. of Scotland, and the third to the Republic of Berne. When we remember that publishers like Robert and Henri were the compilers of the notes, commentaries, and separate treatises, which make up a large portion of the volumes, and that their labor as editors and as authors was carried on in stormy times and amidst the engrossing cares of an absorbing business, the *Thesauri* remain magnificent monuments of the scholarship, the capacity, and the persistent energy of the two Estiennes. The Thesaurus, like not a few other public-spirited undertakings of scholarly publishers, brought to this author-publisher loss instead of profit. King Henry the Third, "in consideration of the great service rendered by Estienne to France and to literature," promised him, in 1578, a donation of three thousand livres; but the money was never paid. As, however, this was a year of active warfare between the Catholic League and the Protestants, there may have been some excuse for the failure of the King to keep his promise. In 1568, Henri had printed his "Epistola de suæ typographicæ statu," etc. This presents, in an *Index librorum*, a record of his publishing undertakings, together with a description of the purpose and character of the great "Thesaurus." A portion of the "Epistola" is devoted to a recital of the injuries done to the authors of classical antiquity by ignorant and careless editors, and by credulous printers, ready to accept on the authority of such editors new readings and unfounded "emendations" in the text. The "Epistola" closes with a humorous complaint of the trivial and harassing interruptions to which a scholarly publisher is exposed, at the Frankfort Fair and elsewhere, from applicants for information concerning his publishing undertakings and plans. The complaint is printed in Latin iambics. It will be noted that the *Index librorum*, or general catalogue, of Estienne had been prepared for the purpose of answering in print inquiries from correspondents. Aldus had been driven to a similar course as early as 1498, but even in 1568 catalogues were the exception rather than the rule. I quote from the English version of Greswell.

"I'm harassed by the crowd of those
At Frankfort who their wares expose;
And ever ask, 'What are you doing
In prospect of the Fair ensuing?
New works you'll show, impressions splendid,
Where learning stands by Art commended?'
If I say 'No,' 'Tis strange! what, none?
At least then promise 'next but one.'
Still say I 'No,' expostulation
Assumes the tone of indignation
That Frankfort's mart's so strongly slighted,
And faith is broken — never plighted.
Again, these quidnuncs set aside,
With letters, ceaseless, I'm annoyed,
Italian, English, German, French,
All on my studious hours entrench.
'What last has been achieved and ended?
What are the impressions next intended?'
Nor to such modest queries stinted,
Of books in print or to be printed
A thousand others they propound
Which e'en a prophet would confound.

. . . . . .

Of what advantage all these letters?
Not stimulants are they, but fetters,
As though you'd spur a steed that's idle,
Yet check his progress with the bridle.
My press resists the condensation
That to such foppery gives attention;
Stands still and bids them longer stay for
All they suggest, or even pay for.
For this annoyance then, be sure
Not small intent to find a cure.
Of books to former fairs I've given,
Or now project by leave of heaven,
These pages few, as best may suit you,
In form of catalogue salute you;
Which you'll my Rescript please to call,
Addrest to none and yet to all."

Henri's complaints concerning futile and troublesome correspondents might, of course, be repeated to-day in many a publishing office; but the modern publisher is helped out of the difficulty to some extent by his stenographers and typewriters. It remains a marvel how it was possible, without any such time-saving appliances, for the publisher of the fifteenth century to conduct a complicated business, to give personal attention to preparing for the press works calling for original scholarship and continued labor, and to carry on, in autograph letters, his various forms of correspondence.

Estienne's account of the Frankfort Fair was brought into print in 1574. The monograph was written for the purpose of expressing the cordial acknowledgments of the Paris publisher for the hospitality and services that had been extended to him, as to the representatives generally of the world's book-trade, in the

German city. The volume is dedicated to the council and members of the Senate of Frankfort. The author is interested not only in emphasizing the importance of the service rendered to the world by the wise administrators of the Frankfort Fair, but the personal satisfaction secured by visitors to the great city. Says Estienne: "One leaves Frankfort with regret, one returns to it with pleasure."

The monograph does not undertake to present any detailed history of the Book Fair, or even an analysis or specific description of its organization. Estienne is writing to the representatives of the government of the city and on behalf of the members of the book-trade; he does not undertake, therefore, to convey information to people who are already familiar with the subject. Fortunately, however, the history of the Frankfort Book Fair has been given in detail by a number of writers in Germany.

It was in connection with the Frankfort Book Fair that the organization of the book-trade of Germany was brought about. The book-trade association of Germany dates from 1503, and has been continued and developed without break, during a period of more than four centuries, on practically the lines that were laid down in the preliminary organization. The German book-trade was the first in Europe to bring about an organization of its business; and it is because this organization is to-day more intelligent in plan and more effective in operation than that of any other country, that the production and distribution of books in Germany is carried on to the best advantage of all parties concerned. In Germany alone, among all the literature-producing and literature-consuming states of the world, can the special student or the general reader be assured of securing, in even the smallest town, a full representation of the literature of the day and of the literature of past years, together with the service of an intelligent and often scholarly bookdealer to meet his inquiries and fulfil his requirements. No authorities in Germany, either of the individual states or of the imperial government, have ever undertaken to restrict the right of the producers of copyrighted property, and of their assigns, to control the conditions under which the books are distributed and sold. As a result, the reader in Germany secures, at a lower cost than anywhere else in the world, books representing an even and satisfactory quality of manufacture, and the highest standard of scholarly accuracy and authority. The buyer can also be assured that he is paying in one town precisely the same price at which the book could be published in any other town in the realm. The publishers and booksellers are, under the system in force, in a position to prevent books from being utilized by dry-goods dealers, or by dealers in any merchandise, as an advertisement for their own goods. There is in Germany too high an esteem for the interests of the producers as well as for those of the consumers of literature, and too clear an understanding of the intellectual requirements of the community, to permit the undermining of bookselling machinery, which is the sure result of the use of books for advertising purposes. Under the law, no German publishers can be accused of "conspiracy" because they take measures to prevent the booksellers from being driven into bankruptcy. This result is due to an intelligent understanding, which goes back to the Frankfort Fair of 1503, of the necessary conditions for the maintenance of the book trade; and Estienne, and the other intelligent publishers and booksellers who gathered together in Frankfort, were well justified in the cordial recognition given by them to the civilized intelligence with which the business was managed by their Frankfort hosts.

The essay of Estienne has for centuries been an exceedingly scarce volume. Professor Thompson has rendered a distinctive service to all who are interested in the history of the book-trade, and to scholarship generally, in making this essay available for readers of the twentieth century not only in the original (Latin) text but in an excellent English version. The editor's Introduction to the essay has a much larger historical value than is possessed by the essay itself. It is an admirable survey of the methods employed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for the production and distribution of books. Professor Thompson has made a painstaking investigation of all the literature of the subject. His references and credits are so comprehensive and complete that the essay constitutes a satisfactory bibliographical guide. In addition, however, to the marginal references, Professor Thompson has supplied a complete bibliography of the subject. It remains only to say that the book as printed (in a limited edition of 308 copies) constitutes a creditable and most beautiful example of American typography, a credit alike to the Caxton Club and to the Alderbrink Press.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

Andes and Amazon.*

The tide of travel-books is obviously turning. For the last year or so, South America has been almost keeping up with Europe, and already we have had our fill of the narrative of the ordinary conventional South American trip — down the west coast, across the Andes to Buenos Ayres, and up the Brazilian coast, or *vice versa*. Specific countries are now taken up with volumes to themselves; or if the narrative is personal, it must indeed treat of an unusual exploit to obtain a hearing.

Such a personal narrative is Dr. H. J. Mozans' story of his trip from Panama to Lima, his minute examination of not only Inca ruins but of the remains of the Spanish *conquistadores*, and thence (the unusual part) his exploration of the Amazon from source to mouth. Much more, however, than the mere record of the trip, interesting as that is, is presented here. From first to last we feel the author's interest, often enthusiasm, for the scenes witnessed and for the people among whom he travelled. According to Mr. Roosevelt, who supplies the Introduction, the author "is peculiarly fit to interpret for us our neighbors to the south, and describes them with sympathy, insight, and understanding granted but to few." In even more glowing colors does he paint the scenery of his unique trip, colors which to some may seem not too nicely laid on. His first sight of the Ecuadorian Andes drew from him, such expressions as the following: "Rising majestically far above the boundless forests at their feet, their snow-capped peaks are, of a truth, the companions of 'the morning star at dawn,' and of Hesperus at eventide, while during their mighty vigils they are visited by 'troops of stars' that silently hymn their Creator's praise."

The chapter on the Panama Canal is a worthy introduction; and, since for the work done at Panama the author has naught but praise, tends to put all good patriots, and especially Rooseveltians, in a comfortable frame of mind. The history of the various attempts at canal-building is admirably succinct. To enable us to realize the continuity of the enterprise, we are taken back to Cortes, who was apparently the first to propose a canal here, his aim being the solution of the old problem of the North-west Passage. Charles V. had surveys made, one of them covering almost precisely the ground of the present cut; but Philip II., as usual, failed to share his father's views, and concluded that "it would be contrary to the Divine Will to unite two oceans which the Creator of the world had separated, and that to attempt so impious a deed would surely provoke some appalling catastrophe." When we realize that the death-rate among the employees of the French company rose to over four hundred out of a thousand, we can better conceive the magnitude of the task that confronted the indomitable Colonel Gorgas. Panama is the oldest European city on the mainland of the New World.

In the pages which follow, as in his admirable work dealing with Venezuela and Colombia, Dr. Mozans has endeavored not only to give a picture of the country and the people as he saw them, but also to summarize their hopes, aspirations, and prospects; he has also discussed certain topics and reflections that must present themselves to every traveller in the land of the Incas, especially when he contemplates the wonderful monuments scattered over that vast territory. In doing this, he has drawn freely on the works of the early chroniclers, most of whom are still unknown to English readers; and, where advisable, he has summarized the conclusions of the most competent investigators. His wealth of quotation, not only from among these more or less scientific facts, but especially from a wide knowledge of Latin and English poetry, is no less than amazing. "It is pleasant," says Mr. Roosevelt, "to travel in company with one who knows books as well as men and manners, and who yet cares also for all that is beautiful and terrible and grand in nature."

It is no less a pleasure to travel with one whose criticisms and comments are so kindly, generous, and constructive. It is easy to find fault with our southern neighbors — hard to bridge the lack of sympathy and understanding between them and us. With the means for supplying this gap, Dr. Mozans deals interestingly in his last chapter. He is perhaps rather too optimistic, and takes insufficient account of the racial differences which no amount of international congresses and newspaper good-will can permanently efface. Even that much-heralded agent for international friendship, the Pan-American Union, is regarded by our Latin neighbors as artificial, to be used by them chiefly as a means for staving off undue European influence.

Dr. Mozans gives due space to the notorious poverty of our trade with South America, a lack of commercial enterprise which is held to

*Along the Andes and Down the Amazon. By H. J. Mozans. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

be not only a financial but a political failing. The *crux* of the matter seems to be, not that too few steamers ply between our ports and theirs, but that, setting out with full holds, they more often than not come back empty. With the notable exception of rubber, coffee, sugar, and tin, Buenos Ayres and Rio and the rest export as a rule the same kind of goods that we do; and accordingly we have little use for what they have to give us. The corollary to the first complaint is the indifference and ineptness of the North American business man in his South American trade. It is merely a proof that he has not yet awakened to the tremendous possibilities of that trade; for if he were really and vitally interested, it would not take him long to get over that failing. Since American articles, he reasons, are as near perfect as need be, there is no need to take pains; and if Brazilians prefer German machinery to ours, the loss is theirs.

On these practical questions, Dr. Mozans' conclusions are in the main sound. It is a pleasure to be able keenly to endorse his historical views — his ardent but discriminating praise of Pizarro, his estimate of the services of the early missionaries and friars, and a generally sane point of view regarding the *conquistadores*, whose only apology need be their environment and training. In fact, the purely personal element — personal to the point of monotony (such as sentence after sentence of "From here I went to there, stopping on the way at Blank") — largely yields place to a delightful narrative style, free from egotism, even eschewing names of the author's companions and hosts to a most impersonal degree.

It is a pity that in a work which will have unique value in so many ways, some faults of book-making should have crept in. Though the form of the book itself leaves nothing to be desired, the illustrations are not always clear; the proof-reading is lamentably careless, not only in punctuation but also in spelling; and the index is most inadequate. Mr. Roosevelt "can recall no work on South America so well worth reading." One result, at least, of a careful perusal will be the happy one of an increased faith in the destiny of these fascinating republics.

JULIAN PARK.

THOSE who have looked with interest for the appearance of the "Life and Letters of Moses Coit Tyler," which was expected this summer, will be glad to know that the book is definitely announced for Fall publication by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN."*

"If all the diplomatists of a country were as humble slaves to the nation as those hospital nurses, how flourishing that country would be! If all the women were just like those nurses, I decidedly agree with the suffragettes. But I think the noble slaves of the gentle and fairer sex should not be so rough to box the policemen or throw stones to the window glasses."

— *Yoshio Markino.*

Mr. Markino's opinion, written after a sojourn in a London hospital, will probably meet with rather general approval. The militant suffragettes, at first regarded with amusement, have come to be thought of with alarm and indignation in many quarters. At the same time, they have certainly succeeded in bringing the question of votes for women to the front, with a fair prospect of satisfactory results. I recall a little incident of twenty-five years ago, which illustrates the earlier attitude toward female suffrage. At that time I lived in a London suburb, and had for neighbor a prominent M. P., who represented a constituency in Durham. At a local meeting, this eminent person spoke his mind vigorously against allowing women to vote, although, as we understood, he was considered an advocate of women's suffrage in Durham. Indignant at this duplicity, I took occasion to send a report of the meeting to one of the papers, and was pleased to hear that it got our politician into some trouble. In those days it was the popular thing to approve of "votes for women" with a wink, as it were. A good Liberal might declare in favor of this thing, gaining thereby a certain advantage, but confident that nothing would be done. Some were no doubt sincere, but subsequent events have only too clearly proved that my neighbor at Bedford Park was no worse than most of his associates.

In view of the humbug and apathy which existed, it is really amazing that a few women have in about five years been able to gather so much support, and make so much trouble in England, that their demands are seriously con-

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*THE SUFFRAGETTE. By E. Sylvia Pankhurst. Illustrated. New York: Sturgis & Walton.

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN. By John Stuart Mill. New edition, with a Foreword by Carrie Chapman Catt. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE LADIES' BATTLE. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

WHAT EIGHT MILLION WOMEN WANT. By Rheta Childe Dorr. Illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A SHORT HISTORY OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS. By Eugene A. Hecker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

REBEL WOMEN. By Evelyn Sharp. New York: John Lane Co.

WOMAN IN CHURCH AND STATE. By Stanton Coit. West London Ethical Society.

sidered and likely to be granted by parliament. If we agree that their cause is a good one, we must at least give them credit for getting results, however much we may wish they could have used other methods. It will, perhaps, always remain an open question whether the extraordinary tactics of the militants were really needed to compel attention; it is at least certain that nothing but extreme necessity could justify them. Those of us who have depended principally on the daily press for our knowledge have probably been misled in certain particulars, but more especially have lacked much information necessary to sound judgment. Miss Pankhurst's book, "The Suffragette," gives a full and well-illustrated account of the militant suffrage movement in England down to the end of 1910, and, so far as the reviewer is able to judge, is essentially accurate and fair. Opening it with a distinct prejudice against the militants, and expecting to find a good deal of nonsense, I was soon adrift on the current of the narrative, very glad to be carried through the whirlpools and rapids of those exciting years, regretful when obliged to disembark at the end of the printed story, well aware that all was not finished. As a piece of historical writing, the book will deserve to live; and no doubt in the days when this particular struggle is over, posterity will read it with amazement at the things they used to do in those "unregenerate days."

However much any reader may disapprove of the militant tactics, he cannot fail to appreciate the fact that these women have been and are fighting for a principle, showing the utmost courage and endurance in carrying out their plans. Men who have done such things have been regarded as heroes, even when their offenses have been far more serious than those of the women. On the other hand, it would be difficult to say anything in favor of the shuffling and evasive attitude of the professional politicians, while the brutality shown in dealing with the suffragettes almost passes belief. The reader is constantly aware that had he been present at the affairs described, he would most assuredly have been arrested, for he could not have quietly witnessed such outrages as were committed. John Stuart Mill, in "The Subjection of Women," now opportunely republished, has a passage which might have been used by Miss Pankhurst as a sort of prefatory note to her book.

> "History gives a cruel experience of human nature, in showing how exactly the regard due to the life, possessions, and entire earthly happiness of any class of persons, was measured by what they had the power of enforcing; how all who made any resistance to authorities that had arms in their hands, however dreadful might be the provocation, had not only the law of force, but all other laws, and all the notions of social obligation, against them; and in the eyes of those whom they resisted, were not only guilty of crime, but of the worst of all crimes, deserving the most cruel chastisement which human beings could inflict."

Miss Seawell's much advertised little book, "The Ladies' Battle," is of course rampantly anti-suffrage, and is claimed by the publishers to represent adequately that side of the question. It nowhere appears in the book that it is really republished, with additions, from an article which appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" of September, 1910. If one were inclined to take it seriously, it might serve as a text for a long discussion; but it may suffice at the present time to cite a characteristic passage.

> "In New York State, the suffragists, under the lead of the late Miss Anthony, strove for years to have habitual drunkenness made a cause of absolute divorce, instead of legal separation. This illustrates in a peculiar manner the short-sightedness of most of the legislation proposed by the suffragists. A man, anxious to get rid of his wife, but having no legal cause, could, by the simple process of continually getting drunk, offer a strong inducement to his wife, to get a divorce." (p. 109.)

It is fearful to think what will ensue when husbands all over the country "get on" to this. These simple processes, leading to such awful evils, ought really to be kept secret. It may leak out that there are many states in which the peculiar legislation mentioned has been successfully carried through.

"What Eight Million Women Want" is a thick volume describing the various activities of women in social service and reform. It is chiefly concerned with America, but also discusses events in Europe. Covering so large a field, it is probably inaccurate in some minor details, taking perhaps a too roseate view of the work of some individuals. It is, however, very well written and extremely interesting, and undoubtedly presents a substantially correct picture of the labors of the "new woman" and a just interpretation of her spirit. It should be read by those who are interested in the suffragette movement, because it shows well that women do not want the vote for nothing, but have a practical and important programme. It should also be read by those who have been indifferent to the movement, because it brings out so well the need for women in the administration of social affairs.

Mr. E. A. Hecker's "Short History of Women's Rights" might perhaps better be

described as a history of women's wrongs. It gives a condensed account of the legal status of women, from the time of the Romans to to-day, with a very useful summary of the present condition of affairs in each state of the Union. It is essentially a work of reference. Some of the figures relating to the occupations of women are curious, if accurate. Thus, there are said to be 196 female saloon-keepers in Illinois, 208 in New Jersey, but only 27 in Indiana and 8 in Massachusetts. Thirty-eight women are professors in Massachusetts, 81 in Illinois, but only 4 in New Jersey. In the State of New York are 511 women in the ministry, 108 dentists, 103 commercial travellers, and 84 carpenters. Unfortunately the number of teachers, aside from professors, is not given.

Miss Evelyn Sharp's "Rebel Women" is a small book consisting of journalistic sketches, many of them previously published in the English papers. It is worth while to quote the description of a scene in a London police court.

"I suppose the offenders knew beforehand what they were charged with—an advantage they sometimes had over the magistrate when he mixed up the charge sheets. . . . One thing could be clearly deduced from the progress of that heart-breaking procession of human failures, as they passed, generally in hopeless silence, from the greyness of the police court to the more complete greyness beyond. They were all people who had snatched desperately at the air for some of the color of life, and had succumbed helplessly before they found it.

"No court of justice could help them. You could not expect a magistrate, faced with something like forty cases, to stop and consider the terrible monotony of existence that had driven the little scullery-maid to be 'drunk and disorderly,' or the poor clerk to steal his employer's money, thinking to steal his happiness with it; or the lad with the jolly fearless face to beg in the streets because he was 'out of work'—at fifteen! . . . The magistrate was not unkind; nobody was unkind. All the prisoners were scrupulously asked if they had anything to say, if they would like to call a witness. Anything to say! You might as well try to discharge a mountain torrent through a bath tap. As for witnesses, a bewildered woman, convicted of drunkenness because she had been found lying unconscious on the pavement, could not be expected under the circumstances to have secured a witness to prove her contention that she was merely faint. One by one, they all shook their heads mutely, and went away to prison while the sun shone.

"Then the remand prisoners, the women who had thronged the doorstep in the early morning, who were there to answer for their rebellious manner of demanding a human and a political right, were brought into the dock by ones and twos; and there crept a change, a subtle change, into the musty atmosphere of ages. The court was still bathed in its queer half light. There was the same feeling in it of spectral unreality. You knew even more certainly than before that the machinery of the little judgment hall was entirely inadequate to deal with the prisoners in the dock. But the hopelessness of the whole thing was gone. These were not people whose spirit had been driven out of them by monotony and bad luck, as it had been driven out of the derelicts who stood in the dock before them. These were not people who were going to give in before they had won from life what they demanded from it. It may be a perilous business to hunt down the color of life for other people; but it is a less hopeless kind of job than hunting it down for yourself. . . .

"'Have you anything to say?' came the regulation enquiry, hallowed by centuries of official belief in the innocence of unconvicted prisoners who yet felt their cases to be prejudiced. Then, as the woman in the dock showed every indication of having a great deal to say, this would be followed up with a hasty, 'Yes, yes; but I have nothing to do with that; I am here to administer the law as it stands.'

"So the law was administered as it stood; and the color of life still flickered elusive beyond the grasp of all of us, as thirteen more offenders, a rebel woman every one of them, went away to prison while the sun shone."

Dr. Coit's "Woman in Church and State" is a sixpenny pamphlet issued by the West London Ethical Society. It calls for no extended notice, but the following criticism of the English suffragette movement is worth citing.

"If, then, the sex disabilities other than disfranchisement were pushed to the front, the 'why' for granting votes would be thrust into the wits and wills of men. The only sex disability which is not a direct cause of suffering to women and to the community is the lack of the vote; it, therefore, is the only wrong done to women which does not immediately arouse sympathy and the resentment of righteous indignation. On the other hand, the effort to remove those disabilities which are immediate causes of suffering would excite sympathetic indignation, and, even if it failed to change the laws, would win over the social conscience to the suffrage cause."

More than this, it ought to be clearly shown that the women who are agitating for the suffrage have general social interests in view, and in this particular it seems that the women of America have some advantage over those of England, who at times remind outsiders of the celebrated definition of a populist as "a man who does not know what he wants, but wants it damned bad." Closer acquaintance with the movement will of course dispel any such idea; but inasmuch as the vote is not in itself an end, it would be well to bring home to all what the ends to be attained really are.

After all, when women have the vote, what will be the result? It is not to be supposed that the disability of ages can be removed all at once, and if it is true that eight million women want important reforms, there are other millions who are variously incompetent to direct public affairs. The same, however, is true of

men, even after so many years of political freedom. Here in Colorado, where I write, women have long had legal equality with men, and nevertheless our state politics are notoriously corrupt, and our politicians, broadly speaking, extraordinarily incompetent. No disaster has resulted from women's suffrage, no injury to women, but as a rule they have not proved much better than the men. That is really the worst that can be said of them. On the other hand, in particular cases, the women have really saved the day for decency. During the last year there have been two hotly contested elections in Boulder, where I live; one on the question of keeping out the saloons, the other on good *vs.* cheap schools. In each case I believe there is no possible doubt that the issue of the election depended on the women; and in view of the fact that this is the seat of a rapidly growing State University, the results of female suffrage are here of more than local, of even more than State, importance.

T. D. A. Cockerell.

Recent Fiction.*

The career of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is one of the most extraordinary in American literature. He had from his youth a strong leaning toward letters, but resisted it until he was more than fifty years old, in order that he might give his undivided attention to his chosen profession of medicine. Having achieved the highest kind of distinction as a physician and a scientific investigator, he at last felt himself free to share his remaining years between vocation and avocation, and allow a long-repressed instinct to assert itself. It was not until about thirty years ago that he took to writing novels and poems; but he has made up for lost time, for something like thirty volumes of belletristic composition now stand to his credit. Twenty-three of these are books of fiction, the latest of them being entitled "John Sherwood, Ironmaster." This wise and sober novel takes the form of an autobiography. Less than fifty pages suffice to relate the story of John Sherwood's boyhood and early life, up to the time when he has become the master of a great industry, but at the cost of a wrecked constitution. This is the introduction to the real story, which begins with his middle life, when he abandons the world of affairs and goes into camp on the coast of Maine in the hope of repairing his nervous waste and regaining the vitality that he has lost. The experiment proves successful, as we should naturally expect; for the author has seen it worked out in the cases of countless patients for whom he has prescribed it, and has no need to resort to invention in his description of the regenerative process. And with the renewal of his health, this fictive patient gains other things for which he had not bargained —a broader outlook upon life, a deepened sympathy with his fellow-man, and a knowledge of the meaning of a man's love for a woman. Both the physical cure and the spiritual enlargement are wrought within a year's space; but when we then take leave of John Sherwood we are assured, however he may pass his remaining days, that they will be rich in the true values of life. There is an impressive moral in this story, and it is all the more effective for not being forced. The book is not one for the seeker after entertainment or sensation, but for the reader of refined intelligence who asks for nothing more startling than real characterization, the artistic touch in description, and the philosophical temper in narration. All these he will find in ample measure and variety, together with enough of a plot to cement them into a substantial whole.

Mr. Francis Lynde's "The Price" may be described as an inverted detective story, in which the criminal is the hero, and the detective is outwitted in his attempt at capture. This programme requires that we shall in a measure condone the offence and rejoice when the offender gives his pursuer the slip. It is an ethically questionable attitude that we are thus forced to assume, but the conditions are necessary to the enjoyment of the story. Kenneth Griswold, an athlete and a man of parts, finds himself stranded in New Orleans. Here is an initial improbability, for it is a good deal of a strain to imagine that such a man can be thus reduced to absolute penury. He is a would-be novelist with a message; his novel does not find acceptance with the publishers, and his message may be loosely defined as that of socialism. He thinks he is persuaded that the "have-nots" may legitimately prey upon the "haves"; and, finding himself without the price of a meal, he "holds up" a bank president for a hundred thousand dollars. The *coup* is brilliantly executed, and he escapes with his plunder, taking the disguise of a roustabout on a Mississippi steamer. His plan is to go to some strange town of moderate size, and apply his ill-gotten wealth to the establishment of some sort of indus-

*John Sherwood, Ironmaster. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. New York: The Century Co.

The Price. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Qubed. A novel. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co.

She Buildeth Her House. By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

In Her Own Right. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Girl in the Other Seat. By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Vintage. By Joseph Sharts. New York: Duffield & Co.

Love under Fire. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Long Roll. By Mary Johnston. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Miller of Old Church. By Ellen Glasgow. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.

trial utopia in which the ancient quarrel between labor and capital shall be made to lose its meaning. After a series of narrow escapes, he makes his way safely to Wahaska, Minnesota, and becomes a welcome addition to the life of that community. There are two young women in the case, both of whom become possessed of his secret, but do not betray him — the one from fear of personal notoriety, and the other from a belief in Griswold's essential integrity. He thinks he loves the former, until he discovers how mean a motive has sealed her lips and made her his ally; he really comes to love the latter when he realizes her unfailing sympathy and the resourcefulness with which she baffles his pursuers. For the detective is all the time close on his track, and has a morally clear case, although unable to secure the legal evidence which would warrant an arrest. In the end, conscience does what the machinery of the law has failed to do; he gives himself up, takes his medicine, and emerges from his two years' imprisonment to marry the woman who has befriended him and at the same time aroused his better nature. The whole story is crisply told and ingeniously put together, making one of the most excitingly readable novels of the season.

Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, who is, we believe, a Southern journalist, is the author of a surprisingly good novel entitled "Queed." Before this novel was put upon the market, its publishers sought to create interest in its appearance by inviting opinions concerning the kind of character that a man named Queed would be likely to have. The opinions offered were ingenious and varied, but they seem so have been wide of the mark. Now that the book is at hand, we will hazard a guess that the author named his hero after the familiar Q. E. D. of mathematics, adding only enough letters to make a "spellable" word. For Queed, when we make his acquaintance, is a man who lives by logic, and has no place for sentiment in his composition. "He was a machine; a machine which turned out matchless work for the enlightenment of the world, but after all a machine. He was intellect. He was Pure Reason." These are the terms in which he puts it to himself, after he has come to realize his limitations. His story is that of the transformation of a machine into a human being, which process is gradually worked out as Queed is forced into contact with life, and discovers that there is in him something which is personally concerned with the world of men and women. One woman in particular — the very charming heroine — is the most active agent in this evolution, and the humorous possibilities of the case may be well illustrated by a quotation.

"And are you coming to see me — to pay your party-call?"

"Why should I? What is the point of these conventions — these little rules?"

"Don't you *like* being with me. Don't you get a *great deal* of pleasure from my society?"

"I have never asked myself such a question."

He was gazing at her for a third time, and a startled look sprang suddenly into his eyes. It was plain that he was asking himself such a question now. A curious change passed over his face; a kind of dawning consciousness which, it was obvious, embarrassed him to the point of torture, while he resolutely declined to flinch from it.

"Yes — I get pleasure from your society."

The admission turned him rather white, but he saved himself by instantly flinging at her: "However, *I am no hedonist.*"

Sharlee retired to look up hedonist in the dictionary.

The humanizing process has gone fairly far by the time this episode occurs, and the spring freshets are clearly preparing. There are still difficulties to be overcome — a rival possessed of all the social graces which Queed has not; and a dark secret which would seem to set an impossible barrier between Sharlee and himself. But the rival turns out to be a doll stuffed with sawdust; and as for the barrier, the girl simply laughs at it. We will say nothing more of the plot of this thoroughly delightful story, hoping that enough has been suggested to whet the appetite. The scene is a Southern city — presumably Richmond; and the time is that in which we live. Mr. Harrison's journalistic training stands him in good stead. He has the journalist's sense for the striking arrangement of material and the telling point; he has, too, the journalist's instinct for avoiding long-winded digressions and descriptions. He knows the ins and outs of his profession, and the tricks of the wily politician. He also touches lightly but effectively upon the ways of the small college and the joys of its administration. His characterizations are unusually effective, and he quietly works his story up from rather tame beginnings to the startling dramatic complications of its climax. He has an admirable style, brilliantly alive, and rich in the sort of allusiveness that comes naturally to the cultivated mind. He has given us, in a word, a book so conscientiously done and at the same time so enjoyable that we find it difficult to set forth the degree and quality of the satisfaction with which we have read it.

The author of "Routledge Rides Alone" has given us, in "She Buildeth Her House," his second large novel; and we regret to say that it is not as good a book as the first had led us to expect. It has a less vital and interesting theme, for one thing; and for another, it is marred by dabblings with occultism — a handicap which few novelists have ever been able to overcome. It is really too much to ask any sensible person to take seriously such a monster as Bellingham, who lectures upon "new thought" to audiences of silly women, and who hypnotizes those whom he has marked for his victims to such an extent that, struggle as they may, they must succumb to his fascinations. All this talk about luring people from a distance by "concentration" is the sheerest nonsense; and the author knows it as well as anyone else. Mr. Comfort's heroine just escapes final disaster through the counter-attraction of another strong personality, who also acts from a distance. In the latter case, however, the influence is exerted through actual

correspondence, which puts it on a rational basis. This man, who is the real hero, is a reformed rake, with a past which is outlined in such terms as to make his present at least improbable. Three weeks in a sanatorium are not likely to transform vice into virtue, or re-create a wrecked will. But if we overlook the miracle of his regeneration, he makes a fairly interesting hero. Paula (the heroine) is a literary critic, and a book by Charters (the hero) so attracts her that she writes him a personal letter about it. This is the beginning of a bond which ends — to use the flamboyant words of the publisher's announcement — in "the glorious Union of Two to form One." The malign influence of Bellingham becomes weakened as the spiritual influence of Charters grows stronger, and the "glorious Union" above mentioned is consummated amid the fiery volcanic outpourings of the Mont Pelée. Mr. Comfort's style seems to have developed in the wrong direction — toward strain and artificiality rather than toward clearness and sincerity; and even his story-telling faculty is much at fault until near the end, when he pulls himself together, and gives us some really dramatic situations.

"In Her Own Right" is the latest of Mr. John Reed Scott's agreeable novels of Maryland society. Having already startled us by bringing real pirates into a story of comparatively modern life, he takes pirate gold for his present motive, and makes the fortunes of his hero turn upon the recovery of a buried treasure on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. This is a lucky happening, because the hero, who has lost his own wealth in a business failure, would never have found courage to woo the heiress whom he loves had not another fortune thus opportunely come to his hand. As it is, the heiress has to meet him more than half way, which we imagine is the explanation of the title given to the book.

Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster, after bidding us soar aloft with his "Skyman," brings us back to solid earth with his automobile romance of "The Girl in the Other Seat." His hero is a famous racer, who is also the inventor of a new explosive device, and his heroine is a young woman whose acquaintance he makes one dark night on a country road, when she stops his machine and asks for a "lift." He cannot see her face, but her voice is enough to bowl him over, and the rest of the story tells how he establishes her identity and wins her for his own. A plot to steal his invention keeps the story going for a time, and supplements its sentimental interest, while the description of an exciting race supplies a whirlwind finish. Mr. Webster, as usual "gets up" his technical material very thoroughly, and developes his story in neat and logical fashion.

A plot for the capture of Richmond in 1863, by a carefully concerted uprising and general delivery of Union prisoners in the Confederate capital, is the subject of "The Vintage," a spirited and swiftly-moving novel by Mr. Joseph Sharts. The hero is a Union spy of great resourcefulness in both disguise and conspiracy, who is known by the authorities to be at work in the city, but eludes all attempts at capture. He finally gives himself up to save from execution a young Confederate officer unjustly condemned for supposed treason — this being done for the sake of the *beaux yeux* of the officer's sister. He is shrewd enough, however, to exact from President Davis a pledge of immunity, having read the chivalrous character of the President well enough to know that the pledge will be held sacred. He escapes in the end, although circumstances have taken his fate beyond the President's control; and the plot of course collapses, as we have all along known that it must. A very picturesque and striking figure in the narrative is that of the gloomy and fanatical chief of the Confederate secret service, who follows relentlessly on the hero's track, but is finally baffled of his prey. The story presents a vivid picture of life in Richmond during the anxious latter period of the war, and is thoroughly interesting.

Another story of the Civil War is "Love under Fire," from the practiced pen of Mr. Randall Parrish. The action in this case covers only a few days of plot and counterplot, espial, capture, fighting, and escape, all in and about a country plantation. But the time is sufficient to knit two souls, and provide for all the romantic needs of the situation. The hero is a Union soldier sent to spy out the land and report upon the enemy's operations; the heroine is a Southern girl of the proud and passionate type that readers of this species of romance know well. There are the usual misunderstandings, and there is the expected reconciliation. Mr. Parrish has done this sort of thing several times before; he has only to give the kaleidoscope a turn, and it is ready to be done again.

Far more serious than either of the Civil War stories just mentioned is Miss Mary Johnston's "The Long Roll." Its seriousness is such as to defeat its purpose as a work of imaginative art, and its extraordinary merits are of a kind that do not properly belong to fiction at all. In the introductory note we are told that "to name the historians, biographers, memoir and narrative writers, diarists, and contributors of but a vivid page or two to the magazines of historical societies, to whom the writer of a story dealing with this period is indebted, would be to place below a very long list." One does not have to read very far to become convinced of the truth thus modestly stated, and to realize the amazing industry that has gone to the piecing of this mosaic. Nor does one read very far before realizing also that the work is anything but a novel in the ordinary sense. It is a military history, a series of descriptions of marches, skirmishes, and battles, a collection of incisive characterizations of military leaders, a passionate defence of the righteousness of the Southern cause, — but it is devoid of the constructive art which might have made all these matters the accessories of a logically developed dramatic action, and used them to heighten

our interest in the private figures of the writer's invention. Here are upwards of a quarter of a million words, and nine-tenths of them are superfluous as far as the requirements of the novelist proper are concerned. We have, to be sure, a hero, a heroine, and a villain, besides a number of figures of minor interest; but they are held in such dilution that the plot loses all continuity, and the figures themselves become shadowy apparitions that flit in and out from time to time. Miss Johnston's real hero is, of course, Stonewall Jackson, whom she delineates with great particularity of detail. Whether the figure that she draws, of a grim and fanatical martinet, self-centred and inexorable, is the real Jackson or not, may be a matter of dispute; but there can be no doubt that the figure is one of real vitality and distinction. When he utters his last dreamy words, "Let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees," the book is ended, and all the private interests with which a novel should naturally be concerned are left at loose ends. Perhaps Miss Johnston intends to give us a sequel, and thus to meet more fully the romantic demands of her theme.

The other woman of Virginia who has won a high place as a novelist during the last few years is Miss Ellen Glasgow, and her "Miller of Old Church" is a work that shows no signs of slackening power. It is a real novel, thereby standing in sharp contrast to "The Long Roll," and is less affected by a social or political interest than its predecessors. It is true that the hero is represented as an embodiment of the new type of energy that is overcoming the long paralysis of Southern industry, and that he figures as a radical speaker at public meetings, but it is chiefly as an individual that he interests us — alternately attracting and repelling — and it is his love affair with the flirtatious Molly that provides the substance of the plot. All is not lost, even when he thinks he has given her up for good, and marries the virtuous and homely Judy; for in due course of time his wife dies, and Molly, having had her fling (or several of them), comes back to nestle in his arms. A secondary plot is furnished by the recent marriage of the young squire with the miller's sister; and a rather unnecessary touch of tragedy, when the squire is shot by the miller's brother, who does not know of the marriage, brings the story to a close. A great many pages of the book are filled with rustic talk, of the kind that is both shrewd and quaint, clearly studied from the life, but rather wearisome in more than limited doses. Most of it may be skipped without any loss to the story.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

IT is announced from Paris that Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, has been made a member of the French Academy of Sciences. In his recent book, "Through Asia," Dr. Hedin describes some of the tremendous difficulties he had encountered in those heroic Asiatic expeditions in recognition of which the academic honors are conferred.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The Evolution of Literature.

In "The Evolution of Literature" (Crowell & Co.) Professor A. S. Mackenzie presents a book which, according to the words of the publishers' announcement, "affords an intelligible view of what is usually termed Comparative Literature, an adequate manual of which has, until now, been lacking." Neither history nor archæology nor philology suffices in our study of literature, says the author, and subjective criticism is not always a satisfactory guide; and therefore he proposes a departure from the beaten pathway of investigation, to consist in the treatment of literature as a subdivision of anthropology. His plan is to divide social development into four grades — primitive, barbaric, autocratic, and democratic; to consider the various forms of literature — the dance and drama, the lyric, the narrative — as they appear in each grade; to detect in each grade the universal elements; to demonstrate the evolution of each form in its progress from the first grade to the last; and from the whole to formulate laws of literary evolution. That Professor Mackenzie's book does not arouse enthusiasm is due in part to difficulties inherent in the subject, and in part to defects of presentation. Those who read it with the expectation of seeing clearly traced a series of definite steps in literary evolution will be disappointed. Not all the riddles of literature are to be solved by even so orderly and scientific a method as the one employed here. Readers will be disappointed, too, and probably amused, at the three "Provisional Laws" in the concluding chapter, each elaborately explained in a half-dozen very serious pages, and at the end translated into actual formulæ. The "Law of Progress" is thus expressed: "Under similar conditions the average literary advance in a given community is directly proportional to the width and depth of man's attainment of consciousness of self and of the world"; and the "Law of Responsiveness" thus: "Other things being equal, literary form and content vary directly with the orientation of mental responsiveness in a given community." This comes dangerously near putting one in mind of a current definition of one of the more recent "sciences" which infest the college curriculum — "the science of stating what everybody knows in language which nobody can understand." The book claims too much. There may be such a thing as literary evolution, and there may be laws which underlie it; but the attempt to biologize literature, to say nothing of reducing its laws of growth to algebraic formulæ, is bound to savor of the ludicrous. As to presentation, the author's success would have been more pronounced had he written a shorter book and encumbered his theme less by masses of detail which are not always strictly relevant, however true and interesting in themselves. In spite of the excellent plan of the work, its plethora of detail brings it near to incoherence. Professor

Mackenzie's industry and learning may be estimated from the fact that the index of authors at the end of his 417 closely-printed pages of text contains about 700 names. Those who wish a book full of interesting learning about literature from the anthropological point of view will therefore find this a desirable work.

Florentine yesterdays and todays.

Interesting mainly to the student and the antiquarian, and yet sufficiently picturesque to attract the average reader, is the Rev. J. Wood Brown's "Florence Past and Present" (Scribner). His "Past" of Florence is a very distant one indeed, and goes back to the first contributions of geology and physics to the long history—the volcanic upheaval which lifted the whole inner hill-country of Tuscany to its present level and created the new drainage-lines now existing. The gravel and sand that the flowing waters then brought down and deposited furnished the site on which the city of Florence stands to-day. The middle Val d'Arno, when man first saw it, was all woods and water. To the early inhabitants, hunting and fishing were the only possible occupations. To this fact—that the earliest ancestors of the modern Florentine were hunters and fishers—the author traces a large number of Florentine characteristics. For example, their economy at table is proverbial, their temperance in food and drink amounts to parsimony. This began when the uncertainty of the chase taught the hunter self-restraint in the use of food, and the methods of living on nut-meal till fortune should meet him again in the wood or the river. In like manner, the pet superstitions to-day are distinct survivals of the magic of the woods, derived from the hunter's skill. In time, of course, these forest-dwellers come in friendly relation with the farmers of the north and the shepherds of the south; hence trade begins, roads are made, and by the combination of road and river the seat of Florence is determined and her prosperity assured. This tale is charmingly unfolded in the first division of the book called "The Living Past," which ends with the decline of Etruscan and the rise of Roman power, and the recognition of Florence as a *municipium splendidissimum* in 82 B.C. The second division discusses "Material Survivals," and takes up such familiar sights as the Arno boats and boatmen, the Florentine carts, harness, amulets—all pointing to a woodland past. In the third division we have "The Feasts." To the average foreigner nothing seems more absurd than the customs of the numerous "festas" of the Italian people,—especially the Ceppo and Befana, the crickets captured and carried home in little cages on Ascension Day, the feast of lanterns on the seventh of September. But when these are traced, as they are here, to ancient myths, when these strange rites are shown to have a general line of inheritance from customs natural to men of the woods, and receiving from them a magical interpretation,—then the noise and masking, the dances and bean-eating, even the procession of the black rag-doll through the streets, become more intelligible. The sixty fine and unusual photographs, mostly the author's own, with his three maps, are delightful accessories to a volume dealing with new material about Italy in a convincing and charming way.

Sir Perceval, Knight of the Holy Grail.

In our earlier literary history there is no problem that possesses greater fascination than the origin and growth of the Arthur story. This problem involves numerous lesser problems, among them that of the *provenance* of the various legends of Sir Perceval, original knight of the Holy Grail. The most noteworthy of these legends are the "Conte du Graal" of Chrétien de Troies, the "Parzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach (on which Wagner drew), and "Sir Percyvelle of Galles" a Middle English poem of unknown authorship. One of these, the "Parzival," was apparently based in part on Chrétien. Mystery surrounds the origin of the other two, though it has been contended by some scholars that the English poem also had its origin in Chrétien. That this view is untenable is pretty conclusively shown by Prof. R. H. Griffith in his "Sir Perceval of Galles," a volume recently issued from the University of Chicago Press. Professor Griffith also advances certain alternative theories, theories that are quite ingenious and not unplausible. He holds that the English "Perceval" probably had its beginning in a "frame-tale," like that binding together the "Canterbury Tales" or "The Decameron," and that there were incorporated into it at different times at least two other tales or episodes of independent origin. The home of the original story, he holds, was probably Northwest England, perhaps in the neighborhood of Carlisle or of Chester. The volume is essentially technical in nature, but it is by no means devoid of the graces of style, and is concerned with processes that must prove interesting to the student of general folk-lore as well as to the specialist in Arthurian legend.

Saunters through London club-land.

In all that has been written about London clubs, there is probably no book that, besides possessing many other excellent features, gives so much attention to the relics and collections, the art objects and the libraries, of these numerous and famous societies as does Mr. Ralph Nevill's handsome octavo entitled "London Clubs: Their History and Treasures" (Stokes). From the Mermaid, supposed to have been founded by Raleigh, down to the Athenæum, the Savile, the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and countless others, the author pleasantly conducts his readers, enlivening the journey with a number of appropriate illustrations from more or less ancient sources, and offering still further diversion in the shape of club anecdotes and witticisms. "The evolution of the modern club," he explains at the outset, "has been so simple that it can be traced with great ease. First the tavern or coffee-house, where a

certain number of people met on special evenings for purposes of social conversation, and incidentally consumed a good deal of liquid refreshment; then the beginning of the club proper — some well-known house of refreshment being taken over from the proprietor by a limited number of clients for their own exclusive use, and the landlord retained as manager; and finally the palatial modern club, not necessarily sociable, but replete with every comfort, and owned by the members themselves. In such places, however, the old spirit of club-life is generally lost." Among the most famous of the old taverns used for club purposes was the Cheshire Cheese, whose lineal descendant is still standing, with its legendary "Favourite Seat of Dr. Johnson" in the dining-room. Our historic Cheshire Cheese, the dairy product of huge dimensions sent from Cheshire in the Berkshire hills to President Thomas Jefferson, is of course not even distantly related to the London "Cheshire Cheese." But things American do receive some attention from Mr. Nevill, in that he devotes a little space in his concluding chapter to the Players' Club and the Lambs in New York. Of the club libraries mentioned or described by the author, the library of the Athenæum Club, the finest and most complete of such collections, merits even more extended notice than it receives. Here again a word of reminder may prevent a possible confusion, in any quarter, of the London Athenæum library and the still more important Boston Athenæum collection of literary treasures. For illustrative anecdote and many important items of information, Mr. Nevill has drawn freely and effectively upon Boswell's biography of the most clubable character in history. Indeed, there is no lack of material from which to compile such a book as that now produced, and the author has not failed to turn it to good account.

Forerunners of Italian opera.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, the brilliant and authoritative music critic of the New York Sun, has published a little book entitled "Some Forerunners of Italian Opera (Henry Holt & Co.), which is little in name and size only. It is a learned and acute study of the early lyric drama in Italy as the principal element of the revival of the theatre in Europe. After a brief description of the liturgical drama of the Middle Ages the author discusses the special form of sacred dramatic dialogue known as Lauds or *Divozioni*, in which scenes from the Passion were presented. These were acted in church, with a specially-constructed stage built against the choir screen, and with properties and costumes resembling those of the miracle-plays in France and England. Then came the *Sacre Rappresentazioni* which, towards the close of the fifteenth century, adapted their apparatus to the dramatization of secular stories, paving the way for the secular lyric drama. It was at Mantua, probably about 1483, that the significant step was taken which laid the foundations of opera, by the performance of Poliziano's "Orfeo," given in celebration of the return of the Cardinal Gonzaga. This important event is treated by Mr. Henderson in considerable detail. The Orpheus myth made a strong appeal to the Italian poets and scholars of Medicean times, and Poliziano's treatment of it was only one — though the best — of several. The grace and fine poetic feeling of the text were probably greatly enhanced by the music, which Mr. Henderson believes to have been derived from the *frottola* or popular part-songs of the day, the "plebeian parent" of the later madrigal; and even the solo parts seem to have consisted of this better *frottola* type, and to have been accompanied by the singer himself upon an instrument of the lyre class. The orchestra is a more difficult question; but "while no conclusive evidence can be produced that one was employed in the 'Orfeo,' the indications are strong that there was one." This simple and dignified "*frottola* drama" was followed by the sensuous madrigal drama of the sixteenth century, whose spectacular quality was its principal feature, accompanied also by a decided increase of the comic element. The great reform which provided a medium for individual utterance was the introduction of dramatic recitative, and was the work of a little circle of Florentines, the most famous of whom were Peri and Caccini, who "found the link that was missing in the musical chain of Poliziano's 'Orfeo,' reincarnated Italy's Arcadian prophet, and built the gates through which Monteverde ushered lyric composition to the broad highway of modern opera." In bringing his readers to this point, Mr. Henderson's task is accomplished; the development of opera proper is another story. He has written clearly and persuasively of somewhat obscure and difficult matters; and his book will be indispensable to all students of the history of lyric drama.

A volume of well-reasoned timely essays.

It is with delight — a calm and rational delight — that the reflective reader makes his way through Professor John Grier Hibben's little book, "A Defence of Prejudice, and Other Essays" (Scribner). Prejudice, as our anthor broadly defines it, is a judgment to which one gives assent, but which one cannot prove; and he proceeds to illustrate the three common kinds into which prejudices may be divided, showing in the end how much of conduct and character is based, and often well based, on these unprovable judgments. The next paper is called "The Philosophy of Opposition," and convincingly demonstrates the necessary part played by obstacles in all progress, but at the same time shows how the struggle to overcome may be and ought to be a generous and altruistic, not a selfish and ignoble, strife. Another essay, "The Gospel of Might," contains something of the same thought in another form, and assails Nietzsche and his glorification of strength. "Any philosophy of life," concludes the essayist, "is under suspicion which seeks to destroy and not fulfil the promise of the

years that are gone, and which does not build upon the foundation of human nature as it has proved itself to be, but rather upon that which with wild fatuity we may wish it to become." Other excellent chapters have to do with personal responsibility, the dialectic imagination, the scholar's vocation, the art of thinking, the so-called superfluous in education, and similar pregnant topics. In an essay on "The Paradox of Research," as also in that entitled "The Superfluous in Education," the writer shows how self-defeating are all plans for eliminating the "useless" from courses of education; "a man always needs more than he uses. He who can do but one thing never does it supremely well. An excess of power is an essential and significant factor in efficiency." From the calamitous crash, four years ago, of the great cantilever bridge across the St. Lawrence River at Quebec, the author very ably, and with timely exhibition of some "excess of power" on his own part in the field of mechanics, draws a moral, which furnishes the substance of his concluding chapter entitled "Secondary Strains." Thoroughly wholesome and stimulating are Dr. Hibben's appeals to the understanding and to the heart of his readers. But one is a little surprised, in turning his pages, to find so practised a dialectician disregarding (as he does on page nine) the distinction between "shall" and "will." He is also guilty of using "illy" for "ill" (p. 123).

A Pacific cruise in a 50-foot boat.

The world has already heard a good deal about Mr. Jack London's interrupted cruise, in which he was to have followed the sun in a small boat through the entire three hundred and sixty degrees, but was arrested in Australia by a baffling ailment that no physician could even name, and that he had to puzzle out for himself, with the aid of Lieutenant Woodruff's book on the disastrous effects of tropical light on white skins. Now we have the full account of those Pacific Ocean wanderings, in a handsome and well-illustrated volume entitled "The Cruise of the Snark" (Macmillan). The author takes occasion in his "Backword" to correct some popular misapprehensions. He says: "The voyage was our idea of a good time. I built the *Snark*, and paid for it, and for all expenses. I contracted to write thirty-five thousand words descriptive of the trip for a magazine which was to pay me the same rate I received for stories written at home. Promptly the magazine advertised that it was sending me especially around the world for itself. It was a wealthy magazine. And every man who had business dealings with the *Snark* charged three prices, because, forsooth, the magazine could afford it. Down in the uttermost South Sea isle this myth obtained, and I paid accordingly. To this day everybody believes that the magazine paid for everything and that I made a fortune out of the voyage." It was not treasure of that sort that the daring navigator was in quest of; he undertook the voyage just "for the fun of it." That the tale is well told, follows almost as a matter of course from its authorship. There is abundance of sufficiently unusual adventure in it, and pictures from the voyager's camera are lavishly supplied. A colored plate, showing the taut little craft, that served its builder so stanchly and well, faces the title-page.

A defense of Captain Kidd.

That Captain Kidd was not, after all, a pirate, but was instead a thoroughly loyal and law-abiding subject of the Crown, is the view proposed and vigorously defended by Sir Cornelius Neale Dalton in his volume entitled "The Real Captain Kidd" (Duffield). This prince of pirates—according to popular tradition—was in reality, so we are now assured, merely the victim of circumstances and the tool of unscrupulous employers who sought to use him as a scapegoat for crimes of their own committing. The only ostensible act of piracy of which the author finds any difficulty in acquitting Kidd is his boarding and plundering a Portuguese ship near Malabar in 1698; and even in this case it is urged that Kidd was probably either driven to the deed by his crew or was actuated by a desire to avenge in some measure a recent unprovoked attack on his own ship by a Portuguese man-of-war. In an appendix are set forth the principal documents in the case, including the royal commission given Kidd to suppress piracy in English waters and on the high seas, Kidd's own narrative of his voyages, the depositions of certain of his crew taken for use in his trial, copies of the French passes found on board the two French ships captured by Kidd (documents which, it is claimed, would have acquitted him had they not been suppressed by the prosecution), and some account of the traditions current in Kidd's own time as to the immensity of the treasure which he had amassed. Nothing is said of "The Gold-Bug," however, or of "The Devil and Tom Walker," or of any other literary employment of the Kidd legend; it is held, indeed, that there was no buried treasure. Macaulay's account of Kidd's life and adventures is described as an "indefensible and inexcusable travesty" of the facts.

A survey of Col. Ingersoll's life and work.

Mr. Herman E. Kittredge's "Biographical Appreciation" of Robert Ingersoll appears with the imprint of "The Dresden Publishing Co.," so named, apparently, in commemoration of Ingersoll's birthplace, Dresden, Yates County, New York. Mr. Kittredge's book is a substantial volume of nearly six hundred pages, devoted chiefly to a chronological examination of Ingersoll's speeches and writings, with abundant comment and frequent quotation. The preparation of the book has evidently been a congenial task, and one cannot turn its pages without catching at least a little of the eulogist's enthusiastic admiration for Ingersoll's many fine qualities. For those who lack the time or the

inclination to acquaint themselves with Ingersoll's works, as published in twelve volumes by the Dresden Publishing Co., this comprehensive survey of those works will serve as a trustworthy epitome of their contents. The free-thinking orator was so gifted and so effective as a speaker that it would be surprising to find him equally excellent in the printed page. His florid style, reinforced by the magnetism of his fine presence, used to delight even his less sympathetic listeners; but in cold print this exuberant manner rather tends to weariness. Therefore it is well to have such a work as Mr. Kittredge's to convey the substance of Ingersoll's thought and argument without excessive amplification and repetition.

A unique hymn-book.

One of the unique hymn-books of the country has been for thirty years the "Unity Hymns and Chorals," prepared by three Unitarian ministers — J. V. Blake, F. L. Hosmer, and W. C. Gannett. Its features were the cutting through of the leaves just below the music score, so that any hymn could by turning the lower part of the leaf be brought below any tune; and the extensive use made of the best ethical American poetry, especially the poems of Whittier, Samuel Longfellow, Chadwick, and Hosmer. After three years of careful culling and advising, a new edition of the useful book has been prepared by the last-named two of the original editors. The paper is better, the print is better, the binding is better; the number of hymns and the number of tunes has been considerably increased, while a few less appealing ones have been dropped. Bound up with the hymns are a number of excellent brief services and prayers. The many congregations that have used this book will be glad of the chance to get the new edition under the familiar title. (Unity Publishing Company, Chicago.)

BRIEFER MENTION.

The Theodore Parker centenary, which was somewhat elaborately celebrated in Chicago last November, provided for a stenographic report of its various meetings. This report is now printed by the Unity Publishing Co., giving us the speeches made at the several gatherings, together with a selection of press notices and other matters of a collateral character. We are glad that so worthy an undertaking should have been thus commemorated in an enduring way.

The John Crerar Library has published "A List of Books on the History of Science," compiled by Mr. Aksel G. S. Josephson, head cataloguer of that library, and having reference to the material in the library. This is the tenth of the bibliographical publications issued by the institution whose name on the title-page is a guarantee of careful and scholarly work. The present list was begun nine years ago, but its completion has been twice postponed for the sake of greater inclusiveness and to await the aquisition of important works in the department concerned. Mr. Josephson's arrangement of titles is topical, and under the several heads there is a further division of a chronological nature. The list is not confined to books shelved separately, but a great many monographs printed in serials have been included. The compiler declares his work to be the "first attempt at a record of the literature of the history of science as a whole, which is restricted to works of historical character." The list contains, we should say, about nineteen hundred titles, and with a twenty-five-page alphabetical index it fills nearly three hundred pages.

"The Great English Novelists," in two volumes, is the latest addition to the Messrs. Harpers' "Reader's Library." Messrs. W. J. and C. W. Dawson are the editors of these volumes, each of which has an introductory essay — one on "The Growth and Technique of the English Novel," the other on "The Masters of the Modern Novel." Since fiction can be illustrated only by means of selected passages in such a work as this, the editors have grouped their chosen chapters or episodes under six heads: Love scenes, historic personages, epics of conflict, humor, high-water mark, and children in fiction. A dozen or more selections are given in each of these sections, and the total result is a reading-book of great interest and variety of content.

A few years ago, Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher wrote an "Introductory History of England" in four volumes, in which the story of England is told from the earliest times to 1815. Mr. Fletcher's history is of a very unusual type, one that attempts to conceal neither predilections nor prejudices; and the author has been much criticized by reviewers for his partisan spirit, his flippant and slangy English, and his unconventional style. However, the imperialistic tone that Mr. Fletcher has given to his narrative, and his audacity in passing judgment, evidently have pleased the reading public, as a new edition has been brought out in which the chief change seems to be that the four volumes have been bound in two. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers.

The new edition of Augustus J. C. Hare's "Cities of Southern Italy" (Dutton), edited and brought down to date by St. Clair Baddeley, is a model of what such a book should be. The Introduction, by the editor, serves to put the traveller into the proper attitude of mind for enjoying this picturesque region. Glancing over the text, we find that the larger and heavier type in which the names of the most important places are printed serves to aid the eye in its search; whatever is most significant in the life and history will usually be found condensed there. The maps and plans are uncommonly clear, accurate, and with new names and discoveries well filled in. The form and size of the volume are those established by Baedeker and approved by travellers from the beginning.

NOTES.

Mr. H. V. Sutherland, author of "Idylls of Greece," has in preparation a new work, "The Legend of Love," a fantastic tale, to appear this Fall.

"How to Capture Sleep" is the suggestive title of a book by Dr. Joseph Collins, which the Sturgis & Walton Co. promise for Fall publication.

Admiral Mahan has completed a new work entitled "Naval Strategetics," which will be published simultaneously in Boston and London in the Autumn.

We are hearing not a little of late years about the work of Herr Arthur Schnitzler, the brilliant Viennese dramatist; and many readers will welcome Mr. Granville Barker's paraphrase of the "Anatol" dialogues now published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley.

"Virginia of the Rhodesians," a new novel by Cynthia Stockley, author of "Poppy," will be published in August by Messrs. Dana Estes & Co. This firm also announces for early Autumn issue "The House of Silence" by Evelyn Everett-Green, and "Madam Mystery: A Romance of Touraine" by May Crommelin.

Mr. Bolton Hall has prepared and Mr. B. W. Huebsch will soon publish a volume entitled "What Tolstoy Taught." The volume will contain the essence of the Russian reformer's life-work, practically in his own words. The subjects will be classified and indexed, and the book will afford an opportunity to acquire an outline of Tolstoy's teachings without reading his many volumes.

An interesting sign of the literary development of Japan is given in the announcement, by the "Japan Mail" of Yokohama, that the Bungei Iin Kwai — which is a kind of Academy of Literature and Art — has selected for translation into Japanese the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, Goethe's "Faust," Cervantes' "Don Quixote," and the Sanskrit Râmâyana. The work of translation will be entrusted to specialists, and it is expected that it will take two or three years to complete it.

It has required three collaborators — Messrs. Joseph V. Denney, Carson S. Duncan, and Frank C. McKinney —to produce the text-book of "Argumentation and Debate" just published by the American Book Co. The book consists of a theoretical section, followed by a selection of texts which reproduce the opposing arguments upon six subjects of great importance taken from American history. Each of these six cases is provided with a set of searching questions for study and analysis.

A new series of "English Readings for Schools," under the general editorship of Professor Wilbur L. Cross, has been undertaken by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., and seven volumes of the series, well-printed and neatly bound in brown covers, are now at hand. This first instalment includes a selection from Browning's poems, edited by Professor Charles W. Hodell; Scott's "Lady of the Lake," edited by Mr. Alfred M. Hitchcock; Stevenson's "Treasure Island," edited by Mr. Stuart P. Sherman; a volume devoted to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, edited by Professor James Weber Linn; and three others.

A new enterprise undertaken by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. is the publication of a "Home University Library" of small volumes, at a moderate uniform price, each volume the work of a specialist, and having a concrete subject of its own. The general editors of the series are Messrs. Gilbert Murray, Herbert Fisher, J. Arthur Thomson, and William T. Brewster. The series "aims to supply the need of laymen and students for readable new works inspired by knowledge of the latest research and critical thought." No less than a hundred volumes are already planned, and the first ten have been issued. They are as follows: "Parliament," by Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert; "William Shakespeare," by Mr. John Masefield; "The French Revolution," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc; "A Short History of War and Peace," by Mr. G. H. Perris; "The Stock Exchange," by Mr. Francis W. Hirst; "The Irish Nationality," by Mrs. John Richard Green; "Modern Geography," by Mr. Marion J. Newbigin; "Polar Exploration," by Mr. William S. Bruce; "The Evolution of Plants," by Mr. Dukinfield Henry Scott; and "The Socialist Movement," by Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald.

Following hard on the heels of the recently-published and by us recently-noticed list of Catholic books in the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, there comes a similar list of Catholic books in the St. Louis Public Library, published by Marquette Council No. 606, Knights of Columbus, St. Louis, Mo. Though not an annotated list like the Pittsburgh publication, its seventy-two double-column pages probably contain more titles, and among them are many works in foreign languages — a department not included, except works in Latin, in the Carnegie Library list. The object of the compilers is to promote the circulation of the books enumerated.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 74 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

John Ruskin: A Study in Personality. By Arthur Christopher Benson. 12mo, 323 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland. By Carl Lorenz. With portrait, 12mo, 203 pages. A. S. Barnes Co. $1. net.

The Life of Giorgio Vasari: A Study of the Later Renaissance in Italy. By Robert W. Carden, A.R.I.B.A. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 367 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Biographical Sketch of Hon. Charles Fenton Mercer, 1788-1858. By James Mercer Garnett. Illustrated, 12mo, 95 pages. Privately printed. Paper.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Parting Friends. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated, 32mo, 57 pages. Harper & Brothers. 50 cts.

Anatol: A Sequence of Dialogues by Arthur Schnitzler; paraphrased for the English stage by Granville Barker. 12mo, 125 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.

Shadow Shapes. By Maude Annesley. 12mo, 312 pages. John Lane Co. $1.30 net.

Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louis How. With frontispiece, 12mo. Sherman, French & Co. $1.

The Little City. By Wilfred Rowland Childe. 12mo, 68 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Aeonian Echoes and Other Poems. By Martha A. Kidder. With frontispiece, 12mo, 219 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.

Verse, Prose, and Epitaphs from the Commonplace Book of Lewin Hill, C. B., 1848-1901. 12mo, 167 pages. London: Brown, Langham & Co.

The Blossomy Bough. By Shaemas O'Sheel. 12mo, 109 pages. Privately published.

FICTION.

The Story of Quamin. By May Harvey Drummond. 12mo, 313 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Consul. By Richard Harding Davis. With frontispiece, 16mo, 62 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cts. net.

The Horroboos. By Morrison I. Swift. 8vo, 941 pages. Boston: The Liberty Press. $1.

The Lady in Mauve. By Albert J. Klinck. 12mo, 134 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

The Eyes at the Window. By Olivia Smith Cornelius. 12mo, 265 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.

Two Apaches of Paris. By Alice and Claude Askew. 12mo, 334 pages. New York: William Rickey & Co. $1.25 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Jungle Trails and Jungle People. By Caspar Whitney. Illustrated, 8vo, 310 pages. Harper & Brothers. $3. net.

Classical Rome. By H. Stuart Jones, M.A. With maps and plans, 16mo, 371 pages. "Grant Allen's Historical Guide Series." Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.

The Land and the Book. By William M. Thomson. New one-volume edition; with illustrations and maps, 8vo, 614 pages. Harper & Brothers. $2.40 net.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Marriage, Totemism, and Religion: An Answer to Critics. By Lord Avebury. 12mo, 243 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.25 net.

Antiquities of the Mesa Verde National Park; Cliff Palace. By Jesse Walter Fewkes. Illustrated, 8vo, 82 pages. Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 51. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Indian Languages of Mexico and Central America and their Geographical Distribution. By Cyrus Thomas, assisted by John R. Swanton. With linguistic map, 8vo. Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 44. Washington: Government Printing Office.

RELIGION.

Personality in Christ and in Ourselves. By William Sanday, D.D. 12mo, 75 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper. 50 cts.

Aspects of Authority in the Christian Religion. By Henry B. Robins. 12mo, 151 pages. Griffith & Rowland Press. 75 cts. net.

The Church in the Smaller Cities. By F. W. Patterson, 12mo, 32 pages. American Baptist Publication Society. Paper, 10 cts.

Two Responsive Services in the Form and Spirit of the Litany and the Ten Commandments. With a Commentary by Stanton Coit, Ph.D. 16mo, 115 pages. London: West London Ethical Society.

The Baptists Mobilized for Missions. By Albert L. Vail. 12mo, 176 pages. American Baptist Publication Society. 75 cts. net.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Animal Intelligence; Experimental Studies. By Edward L. Thorndike. 12mo, 297 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

The Doctrine of Evolution: Its Basis and Scope. By Henry Edward Crampton, Ph.D. 12mo, 311 pages. Columbia University Press. $1.50.

An Introductory Psychology, With Some Educational Applications. By Melbourne Stuart Read, Ph.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 309 pages. Ginn & Co. $1. net.

Philistine and Genius. By Boris Sidis, Ph.D. 16mo, 105 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. 75 cts. net.

The Volitional Element in Knowledge and Belief, and Other Essays in Philosophy and Religion. By Delo Corydon Grover, S.T.B.; with an Introduction by Francis J. McConnell, D.D. 12mo, 168 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.20 net.

The American Philosophy Pragmatism. By A. v. C. P. Huizinga. 12mo, 64 pages. Sherman, French & Co. 60 cts. net.

New Thought: Its Lights and Shadows. By John Benjamin Anderson. 12mo, 149 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

EDUCATION.

Principles of Physics, Designed for Use as a Text-book of General Physics. By William Francis Magie, Ph.D. 8vo, 570 pages. Century Co. $2.50.

English Readings for Schools. Edited by Wilbur Lucius Cross. New volumes: Poems by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, selected and edited by James Weber Linn; Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum and Other Poems, selected and edited by Walter S. Hinchman; Washington's Farewell Address and Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration, edited by William Edward Simonds; Poems of Robert Browning, selected and edited by Charles W. Hodell; Scott's Lady of the Lake, edited by Alfred M. Hitchcock; Shakespeare's As You Like It, edited by John W. Cunliffe and George Roy Elliott; Stevenson's Treasure Island, edited by Stuart P. Sherman. Illustrated, 16mo. Henry Holt & Co.

The Eclogues of Baptista Mantuanus. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Wilfred P. Mustard, Ph.D. 12mo, 156 pages. Johns Hopkins Press.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated into English blank verse by Arthur Gardner Lewis. In one volume, 12mo, 793 pages. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.75 net.

Standard English Classics. New volumes: Selections from Huxley, edited by John P. Cushing; Stevenson's Inland Voyage and Travels with a Donkey, edited by Louis Franklin Snow, Ph.D.; Stevenson's Treasure Island, edited by Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey, M.A. 16mo. Ginn & Co.

Old Spanish Readings. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by J. D. M. Ford. 12mo, 212 pages. Ginn & Co. $1.50 net.

Shakespeare's Henry the Fourth. Edited, with Notes, Introduction, Glossary, Lists of Variorum readings, and Selected criticism, by Charlotte Porter. "First Folio" edition, in two volumes, with frontispiece, 16mo. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Each 75 cts. net.

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Appleton's Scientific Primers. First volumes: Botany, by J. Reynolds Green, Sc. D.; Chemistry, by W. A. Tilden, D. Sc.; Geology, by J. W. Gregory, F.R.S.; Biology, by R. J. Harvey Gibson, M.A. Illustrated, 16mo. D. Appleton & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Annual Library Index, 1910, Including Periodicals, American and English, Essays, Book-chapters, etc.; Bibliographies, Necrology, Index to Dates of Principal Events, and Select Lists of Public Libraries in the United States and Canada and of Private Collectors of Books. Edited, with the coöperation of Members of the American Library Association, by W. I. Fletcher and Others. 4to, 475 pages. New York: The Publishers' Weekly. $5.

The Gardens of England in the Northern Counties. Edited by Charles Holme. Illustrated in color, etc., 4to. John Lane Co. $3. net.

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The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English. Adapted from the Oxford Dictionary by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler. 12mo, 1041 pages. Oxford University Press.

Half a Man: The Status of the Negro in New York. By Mary White Ovington; with a Forward by Franz Boas. 12mo, 238 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1. net.

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Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries: An Examination into the Authenticity of Certain Documents Affecting the Dates of Composition of Several of the Plays. By Ernest Law, B.A. With facsimiles of documents; 12mo, 80 pages. London: G. Bell & Sons.

Theodore Parker; Anniversaries of Birth and Death Celebrated in Chicago, November 13-20, 1910. With portrait 8vo, 212 pages. Chicago: Unity Publishing Co.

Vanished Arizona: Recollections of the Army Life of a New England Woman. By Martha Summerhayes. New edition illustrated, 12mo, 319 pages. Salem, Mass.: Salem Press.

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